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ARTICLES.

Jeddie Holt's Reward,

A Story of the Temple Dedication.

Ramblings Around the World.

THE



CONTRIBUTOR.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1893

PAGE.

Jeddie Holt's Reward: A Story of the Temple Dedication,...	Josephine Spencer.	321
The Salt Lake Temple, ...	E. F. Parry.	327
A Remarkable Occurrence of Selenite, (Illustrated,).....	Dr. J. E. Talmage, in New York <i>Science</i> .	328
Lord Nelson's Tenderness,.....		330
Times and Events of the Middle Ages, II. Barbarian Migrations, ..	Ruby Lamont.	331
Ramblings Around the World, (Illustrated,).....	G. H. Snell.	335
Church Emigration, XXIII. Emigration from Europe in 1857, ..	Andrew Jenson.	341
Leaves from Heathen Mythology, V. (Illustrated,)...	Geo. F. Phillips.	346
The Raising of the Boycott	Harry R. Browne.	350
The Temple,.....	Josephine Spencer.	357
EDITORIAL: A Glorious Promise,.....		358
Write for the Press,.....		358
Having a Good Time,.....		359
Music: Let all Israel Sing,.....		360

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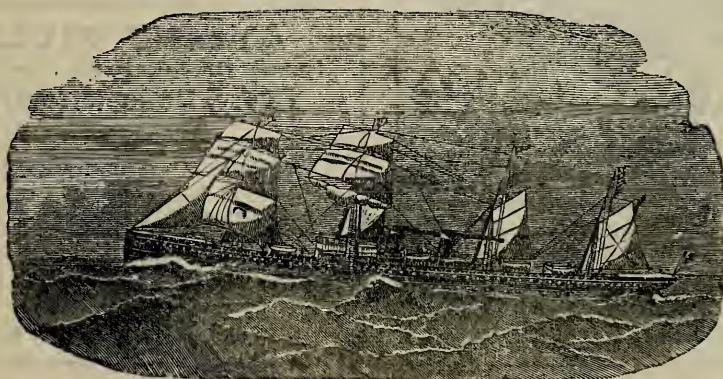
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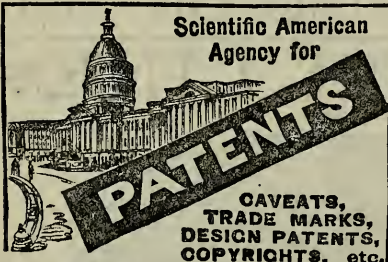


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JEDDIE HOLT'S REWARD.

A STORY OF THE DEDICATION.

"FATHER, I wish you'd go out and speak to Jeddie Holt."

"Why, what is it, Mary?"

"Why he's set there all day cuttin' an' stonin' peaches till I know his back must be broke. I told him to quit and go home two hours ago, but he's afraid he wont make out a full day. I told him it wa'nt good for him to keep so stiddy at it—he aint strong anyway."

"When did he come—this mornin'?"

"Yes; soon as he'd got the chores done over home; but he thought he ought to have been over here at seven, so he's stayin' to make up. It aint as if he could rest when he gets home—but Mis' Williams will have a dozen things for him to do—no matter how tired he is. It's a shame the way that boy's treated! You'd think his bein' lame would make em try to save him some, but, 'stead of that, they put the whole brunt of the work onto his shoulders; and since he's been workin' to get money to go up to the dedication, they've piled it on worse'n ever. For my part I believe they mean to keep him from goin'. Nate says they've done nothin' but ridicule Jed ever since he commenced to talk about it."

"Well, you know how they look at these things, Mary; of course they haint any faith in the Church, an' it's more'n likely they wont want him to go at all."

"Martha Leete said Mis' Williams told her she wa'nt goin' to hender Jed from goin' as long as he believed in it, and earnin' the money himself; but from the way she's acting, it looks if she means to make it as hard for him as she can."

"How long did you tell him he could come?"

"I told him till the peaches were cut anyway; an' mebbe after that he could help with the hayin'. You see there aint much chance for him to earn anything, an' I wanted to help him all I could."

"Yes, that's right."

"Of course Nate and Jim could git along with the work, but so long as Jed's heart's so set on going up to the Temple, it'd be a shame to have him disappointed."

"No, it wouldn't do at all; but we'll have to cut close lines to git there ourselves, Mary. It's goin' to take a lot of money to have us all go."

"I know; an' I'm goin' to save up in other ways to make up for what I pay Jed."

"Well, I'll go out and have him quit work; it won't do to have him overdone." Andrew Barnes went slowly down through the lot to where the barn stood—an unpainted board structure, flanked by a gray adobe granary, which stood on the left. The barn door stood open, and in the pale dusk within a group of boys sat, each with a bushel basket before him, partly filled with ripe peaches. Two of them had wooden buckets for chairs, the third a low stool with a back rest, against which he occasionally, painfully and wearily leaned. He was bent over the measure of peaches, but as Andrew entered with a kindly salutation, he looked up, disclosing a pale, spiritual-looking face, lit up with some wonderfully expressive dark eyes.

"Come, come my boy, this won't do," said Andrew cheerily, "you've worked long enough now, and I'm goin' to send you home."

Jeddie Holt smiled, but kept on cutting the peaches. "Oh! I'd just as lief finish these," he answered; "there's only a few more." Andrew came around and took the knife out of his hands, wheeling the basket round out of his reach at the same time.

"You get up and go home;" he said smilingly, "we don't want you round here any longer today. Take your things and pike," he continued, taking him by the shoulder and pushing him towards the door. Nate and Jim were tittering in high glee and appreciation at their father's fun, and Jed catching the infection went off laughing heartily, cheered and pleased by the old man's kindly influence. As he went down the long walk towards the house, the sun was setting in the west, leaving bars of delicate color along the horizon, which, floating in the hazy gold atmosphere of its reflection seemed like some fairy archipelago drifting in a wide, transparent and amber sea.

There were old-fashioned flowers bordering the path along which Jed walked, and watching the sunset with appreciative eyes, as he went on, Jed looked down only in time to see a branch of larkspur dropping from the hedge in the dust of the walk. He stooped down and straightened it, then picked a thread of long grass at his feet and tied the disabled branch to the bushes. There was dust on the dim purple blossoms where they had lain in the walk, and Jed rubbed his coat sleeve over them lightly, till they were bright again. Then he went on. Mrs. Barnes and a neighbor were sitting on the porch, and as he went down the wagon road to go through the big gates, the former called out to him, "I'm glad father made you go home Jeddie—I done my best—but I aint got any influence with you," she said.

"I wasn't tired then," Jed called back smiling, "but I'm ever so much obliged to you—just the same."

"That's all right, Jeddie, but you hadn't ought to stay so long—you look just wore out."

Jed smiled but made no reply, and so he limped westward across the fields to-

wards home, Mrs. Barnes spoke in a low tone in answer to her neighbor's question. "It's Jeddie Holt—Mis' Williams' nephew. He's tryin' to go up to the Temple next spring, and he's just about wearin' himself out workin' to earn the money."

"Whose son is he!"

"Anice Holt. I guess you don't remember her; she died over six years ago an' left this one boy. Mis' Williams is her sister."

"What's she let him work so hard for?"

"Well she don't seem to care much about it. She don't like it though his workin' so as to go up to the dedication—she's set hard enough against that."

"Why—don't she believe in the Church?"

"No, not a mite. She did once—her and Jed's mother were both baptized before she came out here. But when she got out here she commenced to get dissatisfied, an' after a while she married this Eph. Williams, an' he was worse off the track than she was, so that they kept driftin' further and further away till now the're the bitterest kind of apostates."

"You don't tell me! Well how is it the boy sticks to the religion?"

"Well you see his mother saw to havin' him baptized before she died—he was just eight years old when she was took sick. Then she was always talkin' about her religion to Jed, and someways, spite of all the opposition over there, he's always clung to it."

"An' so he's savin' money to go up to the dedication?"

"Yes; thinks of it night an' day. I believe 'twould kill him, if he couldn't go."

"Well, I hope he can; but my settin' here won't take me there—I've got ten quilts to piece to make my expenses, an' I'd better be at home workin'."

Jed Holt had reached the little low house that was his home. He did not enter at once but sat down upon the doorstep. The room into which the front door opened was poor and unhomelike. A faded rag carpet was upon the floor, the walls were bare, and though it was kept neat, yet it had a poverty-stricken look

that made it seem cheerless. Presently a door opened from within and a fleshy woman of about forty-five years came to the doorway and stood looking down at the boy on the step. She had round black eyes, and a slightly defiant and aggressive expression and manner.

"It's too bad them Barnes couldn't have kept you workin' till the last minit," she said sarcastically. "I've heard of people skinnin' a louse for its hide, but the Barnes' beat anybody I ever saw for holdin' for the last lick of work."

"It wasn't their fault I stayed," said Jed defensively; "they told me to stop work long ago. Miss Barnes came out herself an' told me not to work so stiddy."

"Oh, yes; she'd be terrible afraid you'd hurt yourself! Why didn't you come if she told you to."

"I left so early yesterday to help Lem search for the cow—I felt as if I'd ought to make up the full day today, as long as they pay me for it."

"Sho; too bad about they're paying you! I guess all you get out of them Barnes wont hurt you."

"Well, but they don't need me," said Jed desperately. "They're just lettin' me help Nate and Jim to get money enough—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, "an' what good will the whole thing amount to? It's nothing but a wild goose chase anyway. If you was goin' to put the money into clothes or a schoolin', it might be some use."

Jed made no reply—and she broke out again sarcastically: "If you're so willin' to put in extra work for others you can put some in for me. There's the cow to milk yet, an' I guess I'm as tired as anybody. I've slaved all day myself—doin' chores that was left undone. You can go in and get your supper before you do it," she continued, as Jed rose to do her first bidding. "It's been kept waitin' for you too long now."

Jed went into the humble kitchen, and after partaking of the scanty fare, took the pail from the shelf and went into the barnyard. When he came back there were traces of tears in his face, and as soon as he had washed his hands and face for the

night, he crept up the ladder to the little loft where his own and his cousin Lem's bed was spread, glad and thankful to be alone. His aunt, while not naturally cruel was, to a certain extent, hard and unfeeling, and her tirades were the constant trial of Jed's life. There was only one way of avoiding them, and that was to be out of hearing, and this Jed was forced into being glad to do. But there were many nights when he crept upstairs to shun her presence when he yearned for her sympathy, and the tears which often wet his pillow, as they did this night, were tears of sorrow and not of anger or hate.

The summer wore on. Jed helped the Barnes with the harvesting and when that was over very little opportunity occurred for him to earn anything for the dedication fund. The wages to be earned in the little village were very meagre, and there was much wanting yet to complete the necessary amount. As fall drew on, however, an unlooked for chance occurred for adding to his store. The two sons of John Erick, the Bishop of the place, were to be sent up to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, and as some one was needed to attend to the chores which they were in the habit of doing about the place, Jeddie Holt applied for the position. The Bishop was glad to let him have it, knowing of his plans—though he feared that he would be hardly strong enough to attend to all the work about the place. It was in fact very hard for him during the winter. After attending to the chores at home he walked through the snow to the Bishop's house, and there milked the cows, chopped wood, swept paths and attended to various other things beside. His lameness of course made the tasks doubly difficult; but though the Bishop and his family urged him to give it up, he still kept on, the object which he had in view having enough importance in his eyes to obviate all difficulties.

Christmas came, and Jeddie spent some of the money he had saved in buying Christmas presents for his aunt's household. They were very poor, Mrs. Williams' husband being very shiftless

though there was in fact little enough to be earned in the little town, and to Jed it seemed selfish with his store of money on hand, to let the day pass without remembrance.

There was a hood and silk handkerchief for Aunt Hester, a woollen comforter for her husband and a pair of skates for his cousin Lem, and when these were bought he found his store considerably reduced. He felt hopeful though that by putting in some extra hours chopping wood for the neighbors he would be able to make it up.

It was towards the end of January. But little more than two months remained now before the great event of the dedication, and but five dollars remained to be made up for the expenses of Jed's journey. Everybody was talking of the coming event, and Jed felt a thrill of thankfulness every time it was mentioned that he was to be enabled to go.

He had been resting somewhat during the last week—the Bishop having insisted upon his taking the needed recreation to prepare for his coming journey. This afternoon having nothing in particular to do he decided to go over to the skating pond and watch the boys on the ice. His lameness of course prevented him from joining them in their sport, but there was a pleasure to Jed in simply watching them skim like birds over the frozen lake.

He limped over the snowy and clodded fields and coming to the edge of the blue stretch of ice stood silently looking out on the gay scene. Two dozen boys or more were upon the ice, and Jed tried to distinguish Lem among the rapidly moving throng. He was nowhere near at hand, but over towards the further part of the lake there was a group of boys trying some fancy curves around a pyramid of snow which had been reared on the ice, and Jed soon distinguished Lem among them.

He was among the most daring of the skaters; and presently Jed saw him pitch forward upon the ice. There was a shout of laughter, then a sudden silence, and the group of skaters gathered hastily about the fallen boy. They seemed to

be trying to help him to his feet, and presently with some wonder and fear, Jed saw some of them take him up in their arms, and carry him towards the shore. In a moment Jed was limping across the ice to meet them. "What's the matter?" he asked faintly, as they drew near.

"He's broke his leg," some one answered from the crowd. Jed turned pale. Lem was moaning and the tears were streaming down his face. He was a well built lad, two years younger than Jed, but his robust appearance made him look if anything older than his cousin. Jed with his own eyes filled with tears led the way towards the house. When they reached home a doctor was sent for and the bones set. The limb was badly broken and it was nearly a month before Lem could even try to step on it. Then when it had had time to become partly healed, an alarming discovery was made. The bones had been mis-set and it would have to be done over again. His mother was in despair. There was but the one doctor in the village, and him they of course did not dare to trust again. The injury, serious enough in itself, was the more dangerous now that so long a time had elapsed, and it was evident to every one that only a clever surgeon could prevent amputation. There was only one hope for them and that was to take Lem up to Salt Lake and place him under the care of some successful expert. To the Holts this plan seemed about as capable of realization as a trip to the moon. If Lem went, some one would have to go with him, and this meant two fares, besides the money necessary for the operation. The expense was so much as to make it seem utterly impossible.

Jed overheard his aunt talking about it one night, and the next day he went to Bishop Erick and asked him for the twenty-five dollars which was kept for him in the safe.

The Bishop looked surprised at his request. "Why Jed, you're not going to spend your dedication money I hope?"

"Yes, sir," Jed answered briefly.

"Why, what for, Jed?"

Jed told him the circumstances of Lem's accident. When he had finished tears stood in the Bishop's eyes.

"You're a noble boy, Jed," he said, "it's a great sacrifice for you to make after your hard work this winter—but it's all right my boy, the Lord will make it up to you in some way. Tell your Aunt Hester to get ready and take her boy up to Salt Lake. I'll see that the rest of the money is made up. There's a lot of us will put in rather than see the poor boy a cripple."

"It will be enough for me to have Lem saved from this," said Jeddie, looking down at his own shortened limb. There were tears in his own eyes, and he turned hastily and went away.

"I can't take it Jed—it would be wicked after the way you've worked to earn the money—I've no right to do it."

Mrs. Williams' face was hidden in her hands, and she was sobbing deeply. Jed had never seen her display such weakness before, and the sight disturbed him more than her anger had ever done.

"Please don't talk like that, Aunt Hester," he pleaded, "you know neither one of us could stand it to see Lem live here to go through life like—like me."

Mrs. Holt sobbed aloud. "It would kill me, Jed," she answered. And so they went.

A month passed and they were at home again, both radiantly happy in the success of the undertaking. Lem was progressing well and the danger was over.

It was now late in March and the little town was astir with excitement over the near approach of the conference season. Jeddie Holt was changed greatly during the past month. He was pale and thin, and though he worked with his accustomed willingness, he seemed to be uninspired either with ambition or hope. He was on his way now to the Bishop's house, the latter having sent a message for him by Nate Barnes. When he reached the house he found a half dozen people inside waiting for recommends, and as the door was open, Jeddie sat down on the porch till they should be through. He surmised that there was some work the Bishop wanted to leave him in charge of

during his absence in Salt Lake, and he would probably not care to talk about it till the other business was done. As he sat there waiting, two or three of the sisters came out with slips of paper in their hands. One of them stopped and looked down at Jeddie with a kindly smile. "Come for your recommend, Jeddie?" she asked.

Jeddie smiled faintly and made no answer.

They passed on and presently the rest of them came out and went away.

The Bishop looked up from his writing as Jeddie came in. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he said with a smile.

"Yes, sir; Nate Barnes told me you wanted me."

"Yes I wanted you to get your recommend." Jed looked at him silent and amazed. He had had hard work to bear up under his trial, and now, spite of his efforts, it seemed that he would burst into tears. The Bishop silently wrote on one of the slips of paper before him, then opening a drawer in the table he took something out; and folding it in the recommend, handed it to Jed. "Take this, my boy," he said quietly, "and go up to the Temple and see the dedication. We are not going to have you miss it."

Jed reached out his hand wonderingly and took the recommend.

The something inside of it was three ten dollar bills.

Jed stood silent for a moment, then sat down and covered his face with his hands. The Bishop got up and came over to him. "Why, don't break down like this, Jeddie; we want to make you happy, not tearful."

"I don't feel as if I deserved it," sobbed Jed. "I oughtn't to take it without earning it."

"We'll talk about that some other time," answered the Bishop, smiling; "all you have to think about now is to get ready to go with me to the dedication."

The next few days were like a dream to Jed. Everything seemed to glide on wheels, so smoothly did circumstances combine to work in his favor. Aunt Hester seemed like a new being in her joy and interest in his journey, and the whole val-

ley seemed to rejoice personally at his good fortune.

When the day came to start all the Barnes were on the same train, and they as well as the Bishop's families did all that could be done to insure his comfort and happiness.

The day soon came when a portion of their own county was called to go into the Temple, and the two families went in together. What the effect of the beautiful and hallowed house was to them all need not and indeed cannot be described. All who entered that beautiful sanctuary felt a new influence in heart and soul that would last forever. In traversing the transcendent Celestial room, Mrs. Barnes chanced to look back towards the entrance. Jeddie Holt had paused at the threshold of the room, and was standing as if spell-bound, his eyes turned upward towards the lofty and beautiful dome whose splendor indeed seems a fore shadowing of the glories of Heaven. There was a rapt look on his pale face—an expression which meant more than admiration for the beauties of the scene—and one which Mrs. Barnes had never before beheld.

"Father," she said, turning towards her husband with tearful eyes, "I want you to look at Jeddie—it seems almost as if he was seen" visions."

Her husband turned and looked back. "It wouldn't be strange if he was," he said reverently.

Conference and the dedication were over and people were beginning to return to their homes in the little village of C—. One train had already arrived yesterday, and another was expected today at sundown.

Mrs. Williams was expecting Jeddie home with the others, and had been making unwonted preparations for his coming. There was an unusual quietness and gentleness in her manner and she went to the door every moment looking eagerly in the direction of the station.

"I hope Bishop Erick will drive him home in the wagon," she said to her husband. "I know he'll be tired right out with the excitement and the journey, and when he gets overdone it always

affects his lameness. That time he went up to Provo he suffered so with his leg he couldn't walk on it for weeks."

"He was awful lame before he went up to Salt Lake," said Lem who was sitting in the doorway. "The night before he went he was awake all night with the pain."

"Oh! Lem, why didn't you let me know?"

"I wanted to, and Jed wouldn't let me. He often has spells like that—only he'll never let me tell of it."

His mother was silent, but looking up Lem saw that her eyes were full of tears.

The time wore on and still they waited. The whistle at the depot had told them the train was in, but though many wagon-loads of people had been seen returning from the station, none turned into the road across the fields.

The sunset light had faded and twilight settled down dim and gray, closing in the landscape.

"I guess Jed went home with the Bishop," said Lem at length disappointedly. "Mebbe they've made him stay to supper."

"There's some one coming across the fields now," said Ephraim Williams who was standing up in the doorway.

"Yes, but it aint him," said Lem. "Jed's lame, and that boy's runnin'." They all stood watching the figure, dimly discernible in the twilight, and rapidly approaching the house.

"Mebbe its Nate Barnes," volunteered Lem—"comin' to tell us something about Jed." The figure came nearer. There was a low wall around the lot, and the approaching visitor vaulted lightly over it and ran swiftly up the walk.

The next moment there was an amazed cry from the entire household. "Why it's Jeddie!"

"Yes," he called out joyfully, "did you think I wasn't coming?"

"Jeddie!" gasped Mrs. Williams, "you've been running—you aint"—

"Yes, Aunt Hester," said Jed with tremulous and joyful tones, "it's all right now—I aint lame any more."

"Why Jeddie!" whispered his aunt in a thrilled voice, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, Aunt Hester," said Jed, still tremulously and joyfully, "I mean that I went into the Temple and was healed!"

Josephine Spencer.

Do not flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things

to your intimate. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

No mean man has a right to wish he had never been born. Let other people do that for him.

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To hearts of mortals here below!
As on thy columned walls I gaze
And trace aloft thy slender spires
That penetrate the azure depths,
By retrospective view I glance
On fadeless scenes of bygone days—
On scenes made bright by noble deeds
That with immortal lustre gleam
Through the dark mists of fleeting years:
I contemplate that time when erst
A pilgrim band of exiles, led
By one inspired of heaven, first trod
The parched and barren desert waste
That's since transformed to fruitful vale;
And when that man of destiny,
As in the wilderness he stood,
Surveyed the aspect—marked the spot
Where, by prophetic eye, he saw
In dim yet not uncertain light,
A temple raised to Israel's God.
Retaining still in mental view
That picture of the past, I see
Some distance down the stream of time
A gathering host of men, intent
On laying the foundation stones
Of that most holy, sacred house
Which seers predicted should be reared
In latter days, on mountain tops,
Exalted high above the hills.
Aye, what my mind doth now portray
Is earnest, too, of what that seer
Of modern times in vision saw
When first he viewed the chosen place
Where Zion's city should arise.

Through all the hardships incident
To pioneering countries new
I see those dauntless people strive—
Confronting savage, hostile foes,
And battling with the elements
Their native fierceness to subdue;
Though oft in range of Famine's thrust,
And struggling 'gainst grim Fate's decree,
Their faith and courage failed them not.

Amidst it all that work of love—
The rearing of a glorious fane—
Advances on with steady pace:
Year after year upon the site,
With firm, untiring hearts and hands
The laborers toil unceasingly.
The chisel's clink and hammer's ring,
As on the hardened rock they fall,
Are heard resounding on the air.

Time still flows on with silent sweep,
And with accelerating speed
The walls appear from earth to rise
And tower heavenward, until,
Amid the Saints' glad shouts of joy,
They are complete—The capstone's laid:
By aid of science, skill and art,
The mighty structure is throughout,
With unsurpassing elegance
And richness of design and grace,
Prepared, adorned and beautified
For dedication to the Lord.

Grand monument indeed thou art!
Built to the name of the Most High—
An offering from each loyal heart
That doth for aye on Him rely.

Above thy towers in bright array,
Surmounted each with golden spire,
In sun's bright splendor beam by day,
And shine at night with crowns of fire.

As long as thy lofty towers shall stand,
As long as thy granite walls endure,
A lasting witness thou art in the land,
That the word of Jehovah is sure.

E. F. Farry.

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE OF SELENITE.

THE writer is pleased to report a deposit of selenite in southern Utah, which is remarkable for the size, perfection, and variety of the crystals there to be found. It is situated in the newly-created county of Wayne, in what is locally known as the South Wash, which is connected with the canyon of the Fremont River, and this in turn is tributary to the Colorado.

The formation in the neighborhood of the deposit in question is mostly sandstone and argillite, with a top dressing of erratic boulders of lava. Innumerable fantastic forms in stone declare the cutting power of water and wind; indeed, the entire region has been the site of wonderful eroding action. Ripple marks in great distinctness are frequent in the sandstone of this region, and other evidences of lake formation are common.

The most convenient way to reach the deposit from the north is by way of either the Grand Wash or the Capitol Wash, spurs of the Fremont Canyon, both of which abound in scenes which are terribly grand. As one leaves the deep canyons, however,

and enters the side washes, the scenery assumes a milder, though a scarcely less diversified, character.

Here and there along the gorges are outcroppings of gypsum, varying in degrees of purity; and seams of this material cut through the country rock in all directions. In places, veins of satin spar, as thin as a sheet of note-paper, or even an inch in thickness, can be traced for many hundreds of yards upon the surface of the ground in uninterrupted course, except for intersecting planes of the same material. On the walls of the ravines and canyons places are seen where spar veins cross and recross each other with bewildering profusion. Here (Fig.

1) is a sketch of such seams in an exposed face eight by twelve feet on the steep side of a ravine.

Gypsum in all varieties may be found within a short radius, fibrous and scaly laminæ, plaster-stone or rock-gypsum in masses, lumps of pure alabaster, and fragments of selenite crystals are scattered along the washes and strewn upon the bench lands, as they have been left by the fierce floods which tore them loose from the place of formation. These occurrences form an encouraging introduction to the superb deposit of crystals already mentioned.

The crystals occur in a cave, and this is inclosed by a thick shell forming a

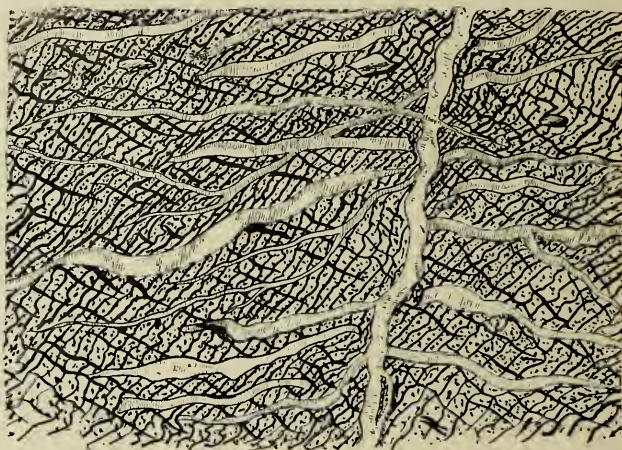


FIG. 1.

mound which stands in relief on the side of a hill bounding the Wash. Of this formation, a good idea may be gained from Fig. 2, which is reproduced from a photograph. The mound is somewhat of an egg-shape, thirty-five feet in length east and west, ten feet in breadth, and of an average height of twenty feet from the ground on the lower side; all outside measurements. This selenite mass seems to have been left exposed by the weathering of the loosened friable sand and clay, of which the hill whereon the mound is situated is composed. The mound consists entirely of selenite, the outside having a somewhat battered and roughened appearance from the action of the

wind-driven sand; yet the whole exterior is made up of the exposed ends and sides of crystals, and in the sunlight the formation glistens with indescribable beauty. The outer walls are generally

water in flood times, and carried in at all seasons by winds. Projecting out of the sandy floor are the terminations of many superb crystals. Inside the cavern, a yard from the entrance, the crystals descend within three feet of the bottom, so that one has to stoop to pass; but farther in there is room to stand erect and near the back wall a person may clamber up to a height of fifteen feet. Looking upward from the bottom of the cavern, one sees a mass of mammoth prisms, suggesting, but for their singular beauty, the heavy timbers of a deep mine. The entire deposit is a colossal group of crystals, the like of which is seldom to be seen.

The writer's attention was first attracted to the place through receiving several small specimens of the selenite



Fig. 2.

regular, though there are a few depressions and sheltered niches, within which small prisms of selenite nestle snugly, in groups.

The entrance to the cavern faces the east, and when first observed by the writer it was about six feet in height, and three and a half in width. The cave can be traversed to a depth of twenty-six feet. Generally the crystals project from either side toward the central line of the cavern, approaching each other within about three feet, though some of the largest crystals extend entirely across the cavern like huge beams.

Fig. 3 is from a photograph of the interior of the cave, one massive crystal having been sawn off to afford a better view. The floor of the cavern consists mostly of sand, probably deposited by

from sheep herders, who had discovered the deposit while searching for feeding places, and who claimed to have found a mine of mica, which they called "isinglass." Their disgust was great when assured, by the conclusive experiment of holding a bit of the material in the flame of a candle, that the stuff was not what it seemed. I first visited the place in April last, and my rapture at the superb display of crystal beauty was checked by the evidence of vandalism on every hand. Some of the finest crystals had been hacked and carved, and cowboys' initials were scratched and cut on almost every prismatic face which the light could reach. Visiting the place again six months later, I found that still greater destruction had been waged; and, becoming convinced that good crystals

would soon be difficult to obtain, I took steps to secure legal claim to the land, and proceeded to remove the remaining crystals of the greatest value to a place of safety. Under the auspices of the Deseret Museum of Salt Lake City, the work of removal is still in progress. Already over twenty tons of most beautiful crystals have been taken out and shipped to this city.

Prisms of perfect form and varying in length from one to five feet, and in weight from ten to one hundred pounds, are of frequent occurrence. One of the most regular yet taken out is four feet long, and the widest faces are six inches across. Cleaved slabs are obtainable six feet in length, and two and a half feet in breadth. One of the longest perfect prisms yet obtained extends fifty-one inches, and from one of its faces nineteen smaller crystals sprout. Twins are common, as are also compound terminations of very complicated structure. A magnificent group weighing over six hundred pounds, was removed from the floor of the cavern; it was set up on the outside and photographed (see Fig. 4.)

As to the habit of the crystals, in the midst of such variety it is difficult to specify. Prisms short and stout, also long and comparatively slender, are numerous; and of twins, the "swallowtail" kinds vie with the cruciform and penetration varieties in points of

abundance and perfection. Some of the crystals are of perfect transparency, and cleaved slabs of this quality are common. Sometimes the prisms inclose sand and clay, which is so distributed as really to

add to the beauty of the crystals in the eyes of all save the mineralogist. When fracture planes are made visible by striking a crystal containing such impurities, the particles appear on the internal planes as on shelves of glass.

Some of the finest specimens will probably be on exhibition in Chicago next summer.—*Dr. J. E. Talmage in New York "Science," February 17, 1893.*

LORD NELSON'S TENDERNESS. — A writer in an eastern paper tells an anecdote of Lord Nelson's tenderness of heart. It was told the writer by an old man of-war's man, who twenty-five years ago lived in Malden, Massachusetts:

He said that Admiral Lord Nelson had a heart as tender as a woman's. To see a brave man flogged gave him as much

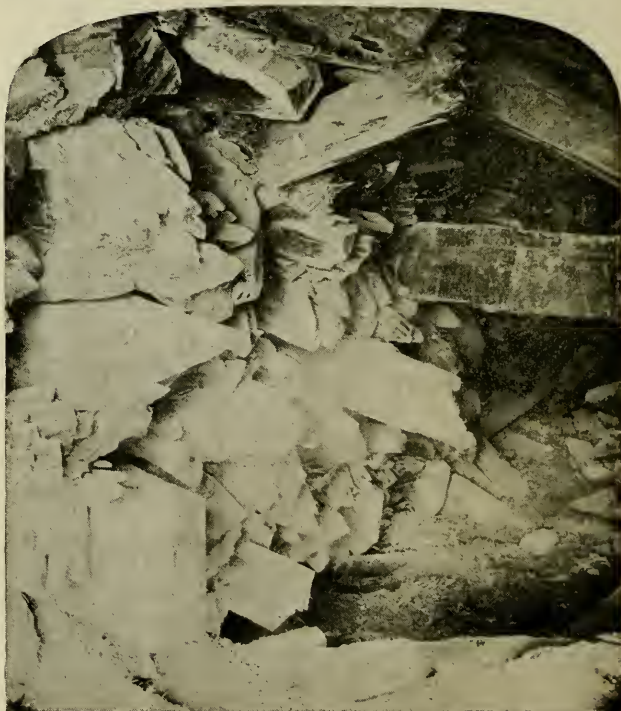


FIG. 3.

pain as was given to the culprit himself. When all hands were called to witness punishment, Nelson would crawl up on the outside of the gathered squad officers, and there stand, with his chapeau pulled

down over his eyes, until the scene was over.

Once upon a time an old fore-castle-man, and helmsman, was upon the black list for drunkenness. He stood at the gang-way waiting his turn to be lashed to the grating. At length his name was called—"John Marcy!" He was a man of honorable record; of many years; and of long service.

"Is there not one to speak a word for poor Jack?" he cried, as the boatswain started to remove his frock. "Gentlemen!" exclaimed Nelson, looking around

upon his officers. "Will not one of you speak? Then I will speak: Avast there! Belay where you are! Officer of the deck, call all hands below!" Then to the quivering sailor he said, at the same time extending his hand, "Jack, when the battle comes, think of me!"

A month later an old sailor appeared at court, bearing dispatches and captured battle-flags, and a letter of commendation from a dying hero. It was Jack Marcy, brave, true and loyal, and he went back to his duty with a quarter-master's warrant.



FIG. 4.

TIMES AND EVENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

II.

BARBARIAN MIGRATIONS.

THAT the reader may comprehend the foundation of our present civilization we will give a brief sketch of the eruptions of the northern barbarians and something of the early races themselves among

whom we trace the ancestors of the present European nations.

From early times Rome had felt the harassing power of the "barbarians," a term which she applied indiscriminately to all nations that were not Romans. Of these the confederated German tribes

had thus far been the most formidable. The Saracen invasions were yet reserved for the future.

Cicero remarked in one of his orations that the gods had raised the Alps to shelter Italy from the northern barbarians. But the Alps had proven but an inadequate protection on several occasions. Not to mention the crossing of those natural barriers by Hannibal's army, the early Gauls had climbed them, snatched the northern part of the peninsula, penetrated to the city of Rome and laid it in ruins. The Teutons and Cimbrians afterward crossed them and produced panic among the peninsular inhabitants when the senate reluctantly sent Caius Marius to meet and defeat them.

About three hundred years later those invasions began which were at last to be crowned with the successful overthrow of Rome.

A confederacy of the German tribes had repeatedly poured over the boundaries of the empire, pillaging and destroying as they went. That they were as often driven back did not discourage them from repeating their attacks. The Germans were hardy, barbarous and warlike but in some important points of character worthy to survive and predominate. Their love of freedom was so well known that the name of Franks or free-men was given to one of their tribes. In contrast, too, with the Roman indifference to the rights of men, their institutions of slavery and the unquestioned rights of the master over the life of his slave, (who, it will be remembered was of every nationality and color, being simply the prisoners of war, taken in every conquered country) the German believed in the equal, inviolable rights of men; and in a spirit of true manliness and courage, his brave heart revolted against every form of treachery, infidelity and meanness. In contrast, too, with the shocking Roman profligacy and debauchery, he regarded the female sex with manly respect and the chastity of the German people was a matter of celebrity even in Pagan times. The German home, though a humble hut, was

hallowed by domestic virtue, fidelity and affection, and in these beautiful traits we trace, in later ages, after the acceptance of enlightening Christianity, the germs and foundation of those characteristics that distinguished the age of chivalry and romance.

About the year 375 A. D., there began a general displacement of these tribes caused by the influx of a hitherto unknown foe. These were the Huns, a nomadic race of Mongols who had long harassed the Chinese empire and were in turn conquered and driven out and now poured as a fierce torrent upon the plains of Sarmatia (with eastern Europe, extending from the Caucasus to the Volga). Tribe after tribe fell before them and city and country fell into their possession. Having subjugated the Slav tribes between the Ural and the Don they crossed the latter in 375 A. D., and invaded the territories of the Goths. The latter, a nomadic race, supposed to have navigated from Scandinavia and afterward at different periods from the Oder to regions lying along the northern bank of the Danube and the coast of the Euxine (Black Sea) had now been settled during some generations between the Theiss and the Don. The nation was divided into two great branches, the eastern or Ostrogoth, and the western or Visigoths who occupied, respectively, the region lying east and west of the river Dniester. In the onslaught of Huns, the Ostrogoths became subject, for a time, to the invaders, a part of the Visigoths under Fritigem, a tribal chief, threw themselves over the Danube, the boundary of the Empire, implored the privilege of settling peacefully within the emperor's dominion, which was granted on hard conditions by the Emperor Valeus. Another rival chief of the Visigoths, after attempting to hold his country against the Huns, followed the example of Fritigem, was received into the empire, and the united fugitives were assigned the two Moesias. The barbarians were true to the performance of their promises but not so the Romans. The cruel exactions of the officials of the Empire soon made the yoke so galling to the Goths that they

revolted, threw themselves upon Thrace, conquered the Romans in a great battle at Adrianople in which the Roman emperor was killed and two-thirds of the imperial army destroyed. We will step aside to consider, for a moment, the character and history of

THE GOTHs.

It must not be forgotten that the architecture of the Middle Ages called Gothic is, in reality, not Gothic at all, nor yet similar to the one Gothic monument known to exist (the tomb of Frederick the Great).

By mingled Greek and Roman civilization, the term "Gothic" was applied to everything barbaric or comparatively rude, or Teutonic as compared with Greek, thus becoming an epithet of scorn. Later, with more respect and better regard, the same term was applied to things mediæval and romantic as distinguishable from the classical. Thus "Gothic nations," "Gothic languages," "Gothic architecture" came to be applied to anything Teutonic.

The true national Goths are supposed to have originated in a branch of that mysterious Aryan race which, in pre historic times broke up somewhere in the interior of Asia and overspread the northern parts of Europe, driving out the old inhabitants before them. Of this migration there were numerous distinct tribes, of whom the Goths are supposed, though not without some doubt, to have taken possession of the southern portion of the Scandinavian countries. The first real historical knowledge that we have of them begins in the Roman Dacia, that country along the northern part of the Danube and the Black Sea, which we have already described, where they remained for ages. Foiled in their repeated attempts to settle south of the Danube, they were at length admitted as we have seen, not as invaders but as peaceful settlers in the more genial climes of the empire. In the fourth century the nation had, (just previous to the Hunnish invasion,) become powerful under the Ostrogoth king, Ermanaric, whose empire is said to have extended from the Euxine to the Baltic,

including the subjection of the Slavs. About this time a learned Goth named Ulfilas, who had been educated in Greece, translated the Scriptures by which he won the title of "the father of Teutonic literature." Through his labor as a Christian missionary, the Gothic masses of both divisions, became gradually converted to Arian Christianity. Toward the end of Ermanaric's reign there arose dissensions among the Goths on questions of religion—the dying struggle of Paganism against the encroachments of Christianity. Discontent among the subject nations added to the confusion, and at this juncture the sudden pressure of the Huns occurred to add the last straw to the breaking kingdom. Ermanaric mustered all his forces for resistance to the Hun, but being unsuccessful, turned his sword against himself, and with him died all hope of Gothic greatness north of the Danube. We have already followed, by a slender thread, the Visigothic migration into the empire and henceforth their history becomes closely connected with the downfall of Rome.

Theodosius the Great, successor to Valius who perished in the battle with the Goths at Adrianople, made a treaty of peace with that people, took their warriors into his service and many of their chiefs won position and favor in the Empire. Theodosius died in 392 and with him expired the unity of ancient Rome. From henceforth the empire was divided between Rome and Constantinople, the different divisions denominated the Eastern and the Western Empire. The sons of Theodosius, Arcadius and Honorius, non-inheritors of their father's wisdom, succeeded, the former to the throne of Constantinople, the latter to that of Rome. They were but nominal rulers, for their ministers manipulated the affairs of government, and hated each other as heartily as did the imperial brothers. Unchecked by the love and respect which Theodosius had inspired, the Goths under Alaric made a terrible onslaught on the western Roman territories while the Huns threatened the east, and the fatal dissensions [of

the rulers so weakened the empire as to give the advantage to the invaders. Rufinus, the minister of the east, persuaded the hostile Goths to attack Italy. He had himself, however, violated certain pledges given them, and they deviated their course by way of Greece and despoiled it of its remaining wealth and the monuments of its ancient grandeur. Rufinus, looking on indifferently, Stilicho, the minister of the western empire, hastened to meet them but they escaped him and passed the Alps in 402, intending to ravish and take possession of Italy. Alaric conquered almost the whole of the valley of the Po, but Stilicho induced him to retreat, and having thus saved the city, he returned with his ward and entered the city in triumph, the old gladiatorial contests being fought on this occasion, for the last time in the Coliseum.

A confederation of Pagan barbarians now occurred, more formidable than the Goths, who, being christianized, were less ferocious and had some elements of civilization. These consisted of the Vandals, Suevi, Burgundians and Alani, numbering two hundred thousand fighting men. They had come, under their king, Radagaisus, from the shores of the Baltic, passed along the Danube and, entering Italy, laid siege to Florence. Stilicho met, surrounded and defeated them, reducing them to such distress that they were glad to capitulate. Their king perished but the retreating army, after leaving Italy took possession of Gaul from the Pyrenees to the Rhine. Gibbon says, "This may be called the fall of the Roman Empire beyond the Alps."

In the meantime Alaric had been "lifted on the shield," in token of being made king of his people, and in his higher office began to dictate terms to the Emperors at Constantinople and Rome. Leaving his retreat in Illyria, he burst upon Italy with fire and sword. The Emperor fled in terror from place to place but Stilicho once more defeated the invader. Confederated tribes of Germans joined the Goths and thus reinforced Alaric determined to attack Rome. Again Stilicho came to the rescue and

saved the city by promising four thousand pounds weight of gold. Alaric accepted the ransom, but placed an emperor of his own choosing on the Roman throne and then left Italy.

Honorius, influenced by some jealousy, put to death his best friend and most faithful servant. This was Stilicho. And having failed to fulfill the treaty made with the Goths, Alaric returned after the interval of a year, took possession of the city with pillage and massacre, but refrained from setting it on fire. He now cast his eyes on the southern provinces and after remaining six days in the city, he started south with his army but died at Cosenza. His projects were unfinished, but enough had been accomplished to make his name the glory of his nation and the terror of his enemies.

Alaric was succeeded by his brother-in-law Adolph, with whom Honorius entered on a treaty of peace, in the year 412. Beside ceding him a part of Spain he gave him his sister Placidia in marriage. Retiring from Italy with his Roman bride, Adolph founded the kingdom of the Visigoths in Spain. Conquering the Suevi and Alains of Spain, which increased his possessions in that country, and overthrowing some usurpers in Gaul, he soon came into possession of the larger part of Spain and of Gaul from the Pyrenees to the Loire. Of this kingdom the capital was Toulouse.

While pressed by Alaric, Honorius had withdrawn his troops from Britain, which became immediately harassed by the northern warriors—the Picts and Scots and the Jutes from Jutland. The Britons applied repeatedly for aid to the Emperor, but, having more than enough to do in defense at home, he absolved Great Britain from its allegiance and exhorted the people of the island to defend themselves.

The frontiers of Gaul had long been threatened by the Germanic tribes. The Allemanni, signifying "all men," (doubtless so-called from their overwhelming numbers being composed of various Teutonic tribes) the Suevi, Alains, Quadi, Vandals and Burgundians crossed the Rhine early in the fourth century and founded new kingdoms by pillaging and

driving out the former inhabitants. Thousands of people migrated from the eastern and north-eastern parts of Europe, driving out or destroying the old inhabitants of the more southern countries: themselves driven out by the more powerful, dreaded Huns. The Ostrogoths, too, for a time subject to the Huns, followed Attila, the Hunnish king, in his invasion of the Roman Empire and upon his death, throwing off their allegiance, they established themselves independently in the heart of Italy. Having formed an alliance with Zeno, the emperor of the east, they gave him Theodoric, the son of their king, as a hostage. Zeno educated the young prince at Constantinople, returned him to his people and gave him the kingdom of Italy on condition that he would wrest it from the hands of Odoacer, an Herulean chief, who had defeated and succeeded the last Roman emperor, Augustulus Romulus. Odoacer was defeated and Theodoric reigned in Italy for a period of thirty-three years with glory to himself and honor to his nation. During his reign the Italians possessed two-thirds of the land of Italy, while the remainder was divided among the Goths. Each people was governed according to its own laws and customs. The regal succession fell upon the descendants of Theodoric, but in 553 the kingdom of the Ostrogoths was conquered and Italy fell under the government of the eastern empire and was ruled by Exarchs, deputed from Constantinople, who made their seat at Ravenna.

Before closing our rapid investigation of the barbarian migrations, which were the beginning of our present civilization and the modern organization of nationalities and kingdoms, we must still consider the Lombard invasion of Italy. We will leave the Saxon and Norman establishment in Great Britain for a future article.

The dominion of the Ostrogoths was swept away by the generals of the eastern empire and they appear no more in history. Indeed, as we contemplate the ancient greatness of this people—the terror with which they inspired the ancient kingdoms and the extent of the country which they overspread and conquered, their numbers and the greatness of some of their rulers, we cannot but wonder to find them so extinct. They have not existed as a nation for many ages and they have given us no abiding name to any part of Europe. Their people must have become absorbed among the nations with whom they settled. No Teutonic people took so large a part in the military and political history of the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries and no people have given proof of so early civilization both in literature and conversion to Christianity. But it remains one of the wonders of history that they have passed away, leaving scarce a trace behind. Not long after the annihilation of the Ostrogothic power, the Lombards, led by their chief Alboin, invaded and conquered northern Italy, descending as far south as Beneventum.

This tribe, which have left their name to this day in Italy, (Lombard, Longobardi or Longbeard) originally worshippers of Odin, were supposed to have come from Scandinavia to the German countries where they migrated from place to place until they settled in Pannonia, from whence they invaded Italy. They were regarded with respect by the Romans as a hardy race, inferior in number but more than able to take care of themselves among their more numerous neighbors.

We thus see the Roman empire crumble by piecemeal and the profligate effeminacy of the luxurious Romans retreat step by step, before the hardy races of the north.

Ruby Lamont.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

ONE afternoon under the awnings on the main deck of an Oriental steamer, while crossing the Indian Ocean, the

writer formed one of a group of passengers who were commenting on the definition of the phrase "globe trotters," and,

while the writer held that persons who devote their time to intelligent travel, impartial observation and patient research were often and unreasonably called "globe trotters," the best definition of that disparaging phrase was conveyed in the following story told by one of the voyagers, briefly as follows: "A pompous old lady and her no less ignorant daughter who had rounded the earth and returned to their home in a New England village, were given a reception by some of their admiring friends during which one awestruck neighbor enquired, 'Madam, did you visit Rome during your travels?' The old lady hesitated a moment, as if in doubt, and then turning to her daughter, said, 'Jane, dear, did we go to Rome?' 'Why yes, ma,' instantly replied the young lady, 'don't you remember? That is the place where we bought those cheap black stockings.' " There are then, two classes of travelers in our day, who, like that evil one of old, come from going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down. Those who travel for improvement, study and research, and those who go to say the've been. To which of these two the narrator belongs—well those readers who accompany him will doubtless prefer to reach their own conclusions at the close of the journey.

In the fall of 1890, the writer of these lines decided to retire permanently from the feverish haunts of trade and thereafter, if happily adversity held aloof, pursue the pleasanter, if more adventurous paths of distant, foreign travel.

I left Salt Lake on the evening of Oct. 4, 1890, and at Ogden took the following morning train for the coast, intending to continue traveling west until I reached the point of departure, in short, draw a line around the world and no longer let that field of adventure lie fallow. The dreary, monotonous journey to the coast was as dreary and monotonous as ever; the desolation of the Humboldt desert, an occasional gang of Piute squaws gorging themselves on the fragment of a cow, the interminable snow sheds and a partial view of Donner Lake with a vague recollection of its one melancholy memoir, are all that came to mind until the over-

land flyer reached the fruitful Sacramento valley with its many thousand acre fruit farms in the height of the gathering and canning season. The steamer *Belgic* of the Occidental and Oriental line was to sail from San Francisco for Japan via the Sandwich Islands on the 8th inst. Meanwhile rooms were taken at the Baldwin Hotel.

Next day an unlimited first class ticket was purchased from a tourist agency for \$918.00. It entitled the holder to first class transportation through Japan, China, Ceylon, India, Egypt, a tour in Palestine with private dragoman, the islands of Cyprus and Rhodes, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Switzerland and Paris. From the latter place to this city the fare increased the total transportation around the world to \$1,100.00. This amount is exclusive of hotel fares and a thousand and one minor incidentals. These details are given in answer to many persons in Utah who have appeared to possess a more than passing interest in the probable cost of such a tour. As usual a broader experience has brought greater wisdom and taught the writer that a lower price, greater personal freedom and better routes would have been obtained by purchasing tickets from port to port.

I went aboard the *Belgic* at the usual hour of sailing, 3 p. m. My fellow voyagers comprised forty-six saloon passengers and four hundred and twenty-three Chinese in the steerage, the former principally for Japan and China, the latter for China exclusively. These Chinamen were, in appearance, as mongrel a crew, as motley a crowd, as villainous a horde as any semi-tropical sea-port ever vomited forth, and their baggage resembled the owners. Each division and subdivision of the foul brood swarmed over and about the wharf, pier and boat seeking some particular box, bag or bundle which ever seemed to fly the hand. Swearing, fighting and scrambling as they were on that dull October day, they never would have got their duds aboard had not the ever-watchful purser sent half a dozen stalwart Irishmen to aid and direct. Their chattels seemed to comprise a little of everything and the rest thrown in. Now and then a

bundle of old shovels or battered American hoes, in all stages of decay, would be lifted aboard, some broken-tined pitchforks were tied up in Chinese

S. Co., do not restrict their Chinese passengers in the matter of baggage, either as to quantity or kind; sailing from a western port, they may have western



characters a yard long; two old decrepit crowbars were raised on board with yells of delight. Such tools are not made in China and would serve as models when taken there. I understand the O. & O. S.

views of the Mongolian and are pleased to get him out of the country on any terms.

Time and tide waited till mid-afternoon when our ocean liner threw off the haw-

sers and stood out towards the Golden Gate. An odor of sandal wood tapers, smoldering joss sticks, came faintly up on the evening air as the Chinese on the lower decks began their invocations to that far-away god watching over the lives of Mongolians who plough the green and restless plains of the Pacific. Handsful of joss paper were fluttering from the steerage port holes over the tumbling waters of the bay, and that reminded me not to be outdone in folly by those heathen, so going below, I sent Maatsada, the cabin boy, after a bottle of cliquot and poured out a libation to Neptune, that other pagan god who still shakes the hard earth with the rolling sea.

The American coast was fast sinking beneath the horizon of the waves, while the passengers, those not already acquainted, were stealing inquisitive glances at each other, wondering perhaps what manner of men their fellow-voyagers were, and how they would wear on a cruise of five thousand miles, Honolulu being the only port of call between our coast and that of Japan.

The *Belgic* is well officered, the discipline perfect, the crew Chinese and the table good. The servants are Chinese with a mingling of Japs. The latter, I thought gave better service, but Mr. Gaskill, the purser, tells me not; the Japs, he states, frequently expect an order to be repeated, while the others do not. State-room No. 20 on the *Belgic* is eight feet square, finished in cream white, marble and brass work. It contains a stationary wash stand, neat bed, rattan sofa, Brussels carpet, all the toilet conveniences and an incandescent lamp which burns all night unless turned down by the occupant. Inquiring in the gang-way for an attendant on the rooms, a young coolie presents himself, points to an electric call near the head of the bed, heretofore overlooked, announces himself as Ho Ling, tells me when any service is required to press on the button and the slave of the ring will appear, or words to that effect, and all this in an equal mixture of broken English and broken China. Glancing back at my diary, I quote from an entry made:

October 12th, 8 a. m.—“Ho Ling! (asurf.

yell) I want a bath.” In less than ten minutes everything is prepared and I am shown into a roomy, well-ventilated apartment, where the bath tub, floor and wainscoting are marble, and the water, by some unseen arrangement, flows in from the sea beneath. There is also a steam attachment for artificial heating when desired, but as we are nearing the tropics, the temperature of the sea is 74° F., and that will do. The bath over and breakfast eaten, a stroll on deck is taken to look about. There is a whist-party in the smoking room, a flirting party in the shadow of the main sail; two missionaries and an engineer, returning to the Pearl River are walking against time, eighteen laps to the mile, a few are leaning over the aft rail watching a crowd of Sampan coolies gambling and smoking, but by far the greater number of the whites are lounging, sitting or lying under the awnings on the windward side, and scanning the horizon where the Hawaiian group is slowly rising from the sea; we are nearing Honolulu and a couple of hours later will be lying in the roadstead outside the reef.

Honolulu, October 9th. The *Belgic* anchored a couple of miles from the beach here as the harbor is not one of the best, the tide rising but two feet, and while large steamers can make their way in shore, it is not usual for them to do so when their stay is brief. Steamers of the O. & O. line rarely touch at these islands, the *Belgic*, *Oceanic*, *City of Peking* and *China* doing so about once annually; the detour in this instance has lengthened the voyage about four days and was made to land a few passengers and take aboard some five hundred additional Chinese and Japs, homeward bound, and a very profitable class of freight they are found to be. This last drag of the net brings the number of souls on board up to twelve hundred, a glut for the hungry sea, should fire or other disaster drive us into it. An opportunity was given the saloon passengers to go ashore and remain during the afternoon and evening, or night, if they cared to; and they cared to without exception, a wind-worn lighter making the necessary trips through the

I had been informed that the native youth of these islands are little less than amphibious; that they would swarm around an ocean steamer and, despite

pointment. The passengers were ready and the sharks were promptly on hand but not the boys, and the coins hoarded for this display remained in our posses-



A JAPANESE MOTHER, AGED 14.—LITTLE ONES WITH LESSER ONES BEHIND THEM.

the ever-attendant sharks, would dive fathoms deep after small coins thrown overboard and bring them to the surface in their teeth. We were doomed to disap-

sion. Some sea-faring men claim that man-eating sharks will not attack the dusky natives of the Pacific Islands, that an odor of the skin protects them. My own belief

is that the gleaming, cold-eyed monsters, like ourselves, when a tender young fowl is set before us, will not hesitate to try 'a piece of the dark meat,' now and then; here is a case in point: On the *Belgie's* last trip she touched here and embarked the usual horde of Asiatics; two Chinamen were lost on their way to the vessel by the capsizing of a surf boat, and one of the bodies was almost immediately recovered, but some delay occurred in grappling for the other and further efforts at finding it were abandoned on the sudden appearance in the water around the boat of shreds of clothing and streaks and spatters of blood.

That scourge of all countries, the persistent and pursuing cabmen surrounded the party immediately on landing, but were generally repelled in the same degree that they became annoying. Weary of confinement on board, the party strolled leisurely through the town surprised at many sights and pleased at all. The Islanders, mild-eyed, gentle and courteous, regard us curiously, as the arrival of a large steamer is still an event in Honolulu, and new faces rare in its pleasant, winding streets. The palace and government buildings are stately piles bordering on the Italian renaissance and the most prominent feature of the landscape as viewed from the sea. Many private residences of elegant design line Queen Street; they are owned principally by wealthy foreigners and have their grounds laid out with all the splendor of tropical foliage; plantain, banana, man grove, cocoa and fan palm, thousands of many hued flowers, trailing vines and creepers; wild hogs are seen in the jungle, wild peacocks and pheasants in the hills and lower levels. No snakes are found, but centipedes, scorpions and other poisonous insects are, and it might be added, that other bane of the blood, leprosy. My driver, an intelligent half breed, born in the islands of an English father and a Kanaka woman claimed that no transmission of leprosy could occur without direct contact with a wound or other abrasion of the skin; this statement was weakened by another: that the grave of Captain Cook was located on one of the

windward islands and should be visited, its authenticity being unquestioned. I quoted the historical belief, that the last resting place of that ill-starred mariner was in the bowels of his, the half breed's ancestors, (on his mother's side) he stubbornly replied that nothing but the entrails were eaten while I, loth to further vex the Captain's ghost, let the matter drop.

After flitting about the well-ordered town we took carriages and drove to the suburbs and the neighboring hills; to the *Pali*, Waikiki and an ostrich farm; the latter, I learned was the somewhat recent venture of an enterprising German who hoped the stately birds would feather his nest as well as their own, but from their melancholy aspect and general appearance of being down at the heel all over, they were strongly reminiscent of that brilliant, parallel scheme nearer home, the magnificent herd of buffalo. We registered at the Hawaii Hotel, the largest in the city and I believe in the kingdom. It was built by the government for the entertainment of strangers, private capital being unequal to the strain. A Mr. Hamilton Johnson, an eight year resident has recently become manager and part owner. He spoke in lively terms of Honolulu and its pre eminent advantages as a winter resort; the city lying but fifty-four feet above sea level; the maximum temperature last year between the hours of 9 a.m., and 6 p.m. was 77° F. the minimum being 62° F. the average variation throughout the year was but four degrees.

The approximate native population of the group is forty thousand; Europeans and Americans eight thousand; Chinese twenty thousand; Portuguese four thousand; and Japanese one thousand seven hundred. As a belief is more or less prevalent that the islands are becoming overrun with Chinese I made some enquiries; they labor almost exclusively on the plantations and are not allowed to land until they sign a contract for three to five years labor at fifteen dollars per month; a percentage of that sum is deducted by the planter at intervals to cover passage money and other expenses advanced by him. There is also a guarantee sum of

seventy dollars taken from his savings, deposited with the government and returned to the laborer on the completion of his contract and departure from the country; by forfeiting the latter amount, however, he can remain, become a citizen and hold property; many accept the latter alternative and achieve independence; whatever may be said in disparagement of the Chinese the sin of idleness lies elsewhere. The Japanese laborer comes under a separate treaty with Japan but he must sign a contract.

Dinner over we drive along the beach over the white sea sands, through groves of cocoa palms and endless parterres of pine apple plants; occasionally the bread fruit tree is seen and rarer still, the Traveler's tree which can be tapped for a fluid in appearance like water, and like water in its power to quench thirst. Here when the sun is down no twilight follows; the moon comes up broad, round and bright, an avenue of Royal palms with

their stately fronts moan and sigh in the fresh sea-breeze, our horses heads are turned for the last time and an hour later amidst chatting, laughing and singing the carriages are brought to a stand still on the surf beaten shore; entering the lighter we pass out through the road-stead, clamber up the ship's side, the sails are spread once more and the ever freshening breeze blows us on towards the distant shores of Japan.

Nearly two weeks later our ship casts anchor in the gulf of Yokohama and amid the noisy jabbering of many coolies we are taken off and with half regretful farewells. Hats and handkerchiefs are waved towards the *Belgic* aboard which so many pleasant hours have been passed. Ordering our baggage sent on ahead to the hotel, numbers of us mingle in the throngs and are first startled at the diminitiveness of the race, many of the little ones having lesser ones behind them.

G. H. Snell.

CHURCH EMIGRATION.

XXIII.

EMIGRATION FROM EUROPE IN 1857.

THE sad experience of 1856 served as a warning to all concerned against any future attempts to start emigrants across the plains and mountains late in the season. Even before the disasters attending the belated emigration of 1856 took place, the Elders presiding over the British mission announced through the (*Millennial Star* of October 11, 1856, Vol. XVIII, pp 651, 712) that all the Saints who intended to emigrate to Utah in 1857 must get ready early enough to sail from Liverpool by the twenty-fifth of March, so as to land in the States by the first of May. The same periodical of December 27, 1856, informed the Saints in Europe that the Liverpool office would not send any P. E. Fund emigrants to Utah in 1857, as all the funds which that company could command would be exhausted in discharging the heavy liabilities incurred in sending out over two thousand souls through that agency in 1856. (*Millennial*

Star, Vol XVIII, p. 821.) In consequence of this the emigration of 1857 was small compared to that of the preceding year. The first ship which brought Saints across the Atlantic in 1857, was the *George Washington*, which sailed from Liverpool, March 28, 1857, with eight hundred and seventeen Saints, mostly British. She was followed by the *Westmoreland*, which brought five hundred and forty-four souls, nearly all Scandinavians, to the land of Joseph. These two vessels were the only ones which were chartered for emigrants going straight through to Utah that year. The *Tuscarora* which sailed from Liverpool May 30, 1857, with five hundred and forty-seven British and Scandinavian Saints, and the *Wyoming* which sailed July 18, 1857, having thirty-six of the Saints on board, brought emigrants who intended to stop in the States till another season.

Besides the Saints embarking in these four ships, fifty Saints sailed for the

States at different times, without being organized into regular companies. Thus, according to the *Millennial Star*, (Vol. XIX, pp. 479 and 489), one thousand nine hundred and ninety-four Saints from the different countries of Europe embarked at Liverpool to emigrate to Utah in 1857. Of these five hundred and sixty-seven (including one P. E. Fund passenger) intended to cross the plains with hand-carts. Of the remainder, about three hundred and eleven expected to go straight through to Utah on their own means with teams, leaving over eleven hundred who intended to locate temporarily in various parts of the United States, in order to obtain means to complete their journey whenever circumstances would permit. Of the emigrants, eight hundred and thirty-nine were from the Scandinavian Mission, forty-eight from the Swiss and Italian Mission, (all from the Swiss Cantons,) and eight from Saxony; the remainder were from the British Mission; the total also includes twenty-three Elders returning home from missions.

NINETY-NINTH COMPANY — *George Washington*. 817 souls. The fine ship *George Washington*, Captain Cummings, sailed from Liverpool on the twenty eight of March, 1857, with eight hundred and seventeen of the Saints on board, including fourteen returning Elders, namely, James P. Park, Jesse B. Martin, C. R. Dana, D. B. Dille, James Carrigan, J. C. Hall, Israel Evans, Benjamin Ashby, A. P. Tyler, Thos. H. Latey, O. G. Workman, D. A. Curtis, A. M. Musser and Wm. G. Walker. James P. Park • was appointed president of the company with Jesse B. Martin and C. R. Dana as counselors; A. M. Musser, secretary. The ship had an unusually speedy and prosperous voyage, reaching Boston in twenty-three sailing days from Liverpool. Four deaths occurred on board, and one child was born. Captain Cummings, in reply to a complimentary note from President Park and Counselors, and secretary of the company, stated, "I am free to acknowledge that on no previous voyage have my passengers conducted themselves so orderly and peaceably as those

in your charge; cleanliness, morality, sobriety, reciprocation of favors and general good behavior were pre-eminently conspicuous in their conduct and character."

On Monday, April 20th, the *George Washington* arrived in Boston harbor, and on the following Thursday (April 23rd), the emigrants disembarked and most of them left Boston by rail the same day in the afternoon. A few proceeded to New York, and perhaps other places, in search of employment, not having means to continue the journey straight to Utah, while the bulk of the company traveled westward via Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago and Rock Island to Iowa City, where they arrived on the thirtieth. Here they were met by Elder James A. Little, the emigration agent who had arrived at the outfitting place the day before. With considerable exertion he and the brethren of the company succeeded in getting the tents, wagon covers, and other commodities which he had purchased for the emigrants on the camp ground, and, considering that the luggage of the company had not yet arrived, except what little they had brought along for immediate or daily use, they were made quite comfortable for the night. On the first of May a supply of provisions was got on the ground, and the tents were more permanently arranged. The bulk of the emigrants' luggage also arrived in the evening of that day, after which everybody set busily to work preparing for the journey across the plains. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XIX, pp. 223, 334, 363, 377, 379; *Deseret News*, Vol. VII, p. 141.

ONE HUNDREDTH COMPANY.—*Westmoreland*, 544 souls. The ship *Westmoreland*, Captain Robert R. Decan, sailed from Liverpool April 25th, 1857, with five hundred and forty four Saints on board, of whom five hundred and forty were from the Scandinavian mission the other four were Mathias Cowley, Lorenzo D. Judd, Henry Lunt, and George W. Thurston, returning missionaries from Great Britain. Mathias Cowley was appointed President of the company with Henry Lunt and O. N.

Liljenquist as his Counselors. The emigrants had sailed from Copenhagen, Denmark, on the steamer *L. Hvidt*, on the eighteenth of April, in charge of Hector C. Haight, then presiding over the Scandinavian mission, who accompanied the Saints to England. Arriving at Grimsby on the twenty-first, they continued the journey by rail the following day to Liverpool. The voyage across the Atlantic Ocean lasted thirty-six days, during which time the usual good feelings, harmony and union characteristic of Latter-day Saint emigrants prevailed. An old man and two small children died on ship board and five couples were married; one child, named Decan Westmoreland for the captain and the ship, was born. On the thirty-first of May the company arrived at Philadelphia, when the emigrants were received by Elder Angus M. Cannon who, in the absence of John Taylor acted as emigration agent at that port. The necessary arrangements for the continuation of the journey were quickly made, and on the second of June the company left Philadelphia for the West. Traveling by rail *via* Baltimore and Wheeling they arrived in Iowa City on the ninth of June. Three children and a brother from Bornholm, Denmark, died while journeying by rail. Most of the emigrants crossed the plains immediately afterwards in Captain Mathias Cowley's wagon train, and Christian Christiansen's hand cart company, while the remainder, who lacked means to continue the journey to the Valley, stopped in the States, in order to earn money for that purpose. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XIX, p. 313, 411, 445; *Morgenstjernen*, Vol. III, p. 52.)

ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST COMPANY.—*Tuscarora*, 547 souls. The ship *Tuscarora*, Captain Dunlevy, sailed from Liverpool, May 30th, 1857, having 547 of the Saints on board, of whom two hundred and ninety-eight were from the Scandinavian and the remainder from the British mission. Elder Richard Harper was appointed president of the company, with Joseph Stapleton and C. M. Funck as his counselors. The Saints who sailed in that vessel only contemplated

going to the States that season, there to labor and procure means to enable them to cross the plains to Utah another year. After a pleasant voyage lasting about five weeks the *Tuscarora* arrived in Philadelphia on the third of July. From that port most of the emigrants continued the journey by rail to Burlington, Iowa, where they scattered in search of employment. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XIX, pp 376, 489; *Morgenstjernen*, Vol. III, p. 53.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND COMPANY.—*Wyoming*, 36 souls. The ship *Wyoming*, Captain Brooks, sailed from Liverpool on the eighteenth of July, 1857, having on board thirty-six of the Saints, under the presidency of Elder Charles Harmon. This little company arrived in due course of time safely in Philadelphia. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XIX, pp. 489, 619.)

Elder James A. Little was appointed Church emigration agent on the frontiers in 1857; but when the news of the arrival of the *George Washington*, after such an unusually quick passage reached the brethren in St. Louis, he was unprepared for them, as it was not expected that the first ship load of Saints from Europe would land in America until about the first of May. Brother Little, however, went to work at once ordering wagons, hand-carts, tents, provisions and other things which the emigrants needed for crossing the plains, and then started for Iowa City, to meet the first company. He reached that place on the twenty-ninth of April, one day before the arrival of the Saints who crossed the Atlantic in the *George Washington*.

Provisions was very high on the frontiers in the spring of 1857; flour at St. Louis cost from six to seven dollars per barrel, bacon twelve and one-half cents per pound, sugar from ten and one-half to fifteen cents per pound, and other articles of common consumption in proportion. The oxen used for this year's emigration were mostly purchased in Clay County, Missouri, under contract to be delivered on the first of May, and to be well fed until that date; but as the season was late and cold, and grass consequently scarce, it took about two weeks to drive the cattle nearly three hundred

miles from the points where they were purchased to the outfitting place at Iowa City. This, necessarily, caused a little delay in starting the advance companies for the mountains. However, the first hand-cart train pulled out from Iowa City in the latter part of May, and the first ox train in the beginning of June. The passengers in these two companies were made up mainly of the emigrants who had crossed the Atlantic in the ship *George Washington*. Then followed a train composed chiefly of New York Saints, or such European emigrants as had stopped temporarily in the States. The next two trains to leave were a hand cart company and an ox train, carrying the bulk of the passengers who sailed from Liverpool in the *Westmoreland*, and the last of the emigration started out from Iowa City consisted of a freight train, which also carried a few passengers.

Besides the above mentioned companies a number of emigrants from St. Louis, Texas and other places proceeded up the Missouri River to Florence, where they received their teams and outfits to cross the plains.

Elder A. M. Musser, who, in a letter published in the *Mormon*, gives an interesting account of the emigration of 1857, writes: Under date of July sixteenth, 1857, "By recapitulating, we find that there are now on the plains, one thousand two hundred and fourteen souls, one hundred and fifty-seven wagons, six hundred and forty-six oxen, twenty horses, eighteen mules, seventy-five cows, nineteen loose cattle and ninety-seven hand-carts; add to these the isolated emigrants in company with Brother Taylor and others, and you will have the sum total of this year's Latter-day Saint emigration; which, I believe, has been as well fitted out and are under as prosperous circumstances as our emigrants have been in any preceding year."

It may be stated in this connect on that Elder James A. Little assisted by Wm. G. Young and others, labored very faithfully in the interest of emigrating Saints; and considering the high prices demanded on the frontiers for provisions and other articles needed to fit out the companies were

eminently successful in their arrangements.

After starting the companies from Iowa City, Elder Little returned to St. Louis, Missouri, to buy up more supplies for the companies, and joined the emigration at Florence on the twenty-ninth of July.

At the April conference held at St. Louis, Mo., it had been decided to counsel the Saints to remove from St. Louis, and Alton (Illinois) to Omaha and Florence, which then enjoyed a sort of a boom affording employment for many of the "Mormon" emigrants, who thus earned means to take them to the valley. Soon afterwards most of the Saints who had located temporarily in Missouri and elsewhere removed to Nebraska. About the same time new settlements were located by the Saints at different points on the overland road between the Missouri River and the Valley, agreeable to advice of President Young, with a view to facilitate travel across the plains. Most of these settlements, however, were discontinued soon afterwards, on the approach of Johnston's army.

The first company of emigrants which started from Iowa City for the Valley was a hand-cart train led by Israel Evans and Benjamin Ashby. This company left the outfitting place in the latter part of May, and, in passing through Iowa, traveled from fifteen to twenty miles per day; they arrived at the Missouri River on the thirteenth of June, and were detained several days in Florence on account of incessant rains, which swelled the small streams to an impassable depth. The company numbered one hundred and forty-nine souls (eighty of whom were females). They had twenty-eight hand-carts, and an excellent four mule team to haul their extra provisions. Among the passengers were twenty-eight children under eight years of age and two persons over sixty years old, the oldest a sister sixty-eight years of age. The company left Florence in excellent spirits on the nineteenth of June, and arrived in Salt Lake City on the eleventh and twelfth of September.

The first ox train under Jesse B. Martin, left Iowa City in the early part of June. On the twenty-fourth of that

month, the company arrived at Florence, where they stopped four days, and on the twenty eight continued the journey with thirty-four wagons, one hundred and thirty oxen, seven cows and one horse. There were one hundred and ninety-two souls in the company. The only unpleasant feature of this company's experience in crossing the plains was the losing of eleven head of cattle in a stampede. The train arrived safely in Salt Lake City on the twelfth of September.

The second train of teams called the New York company, left Iowa City early in June, in charge of Jacob Hoffheins and George J. Taylor; it arrived in Florence in the latter part of the same month. There the company tarried a few days and was augmented by accessions from St. Louis and other places, after which it numbered two hundred and four souls, with forty-one wagons, one hundred and seventy oxen, seventeen cows and four horses. On its further journeying across the plains it was known as the St. Louis company, and James Hart assisted Jacob Hoffheins in the captaincy. Some distance out on the plains this train lost forty-six head of cattle in a stampede, which weakened their teams; but they obtained some cattle from the Deer Creek station, kept by Elder N. V. Jones and other brethren. The main portion of the company arrived in Salt Lake City on the twenty-first of September, A few wagons having arrived there the day previous.

Thesecond and last hand-cart company of the season left the camp-ground near Iowa City, about the fifteenth of June, in charge of James P. Park, D. B. Dille and George W. Thurston. Most of the Scandinavian emigrants composing this company had crossed the Atlantic in the *Westmoreland*. When the company arrived in Florence, on the third of July, a number of the emigrants were sick from change of diet and climate, and also over-exertion. Consequently, a council was held on the fourth to consider their condition, when it was decided that the company should resume the journey, but that all who were unable to continue the march should remain be-

hind. When the company rolled out of Florence on the seventh, now in charge of Elder Christian Christiansen, who returned home from a mission to the eastern States, it contained three hundred and thirty souls, sixty-eight hand-carts, three wagons and ten mules. On the thirteenth of September, the company reached Salt Lake City, on the same day that Captain Cowley's company of Scandinavian emigrants arrived.

Matthias Cowley's ox train left the camp ground near Iowa City about the fifteenth of June. This was called the Scandinavian company of teams, and consisted of one hundred and ninety-eight souls, thirty-one wagons, one hundred and twenty-two oxen and twenty-eight cows; it arrived in Florence July 2d. There a halt was made for four days, after which (on the sixth of July) the journey was continued to the Valley, where the company arrived on the thirteenth of September.

A number of emigrants who went to Utah in 1857, commenced their overland journey from Florence, Nebraska, as above stated. The first company which left that point for the mountains was organized in 1857, on the thirteenth of June, on the Little Papea, by A. M. Musser and was placed in charge of Captain William Walker. It numbered eighty-six souls, twenty-eight wagons, fifteen horses, three mules, one hundred and forty one oxen, twenty six cows, nineteen loose cattle and one hand cart. Before they left about twenty seven of the emigrants were baptized—a number for the first time. Among the candidates appeared Thomas B. Marsh, once President of the Twelve Apostles; he received this holy ordinance in all humility, and started on his way to Utah rejoicing. Before reaching the Valley this train divided up, and traveled in two divisions, of which the first arrived in the Valley on the fourth of September, and the remainder a few days later.

Also some Saints from Texas arrived in the Valley that season; they traveled in two divisions, one in charge of Elders William and John M. Moody, and the other under the direction of Homer Dun-

can. The former division arrived in Salt Lake City on the fourteenth of September, and the latter on the twentieth of the same month.

The baggage train which also left Iowa City in June, in charge of William G. Young, closed the emigration of 1857. On arriving at Florence on the eighth of July, it received several accessions, after which it contained fifty-five souls, nineteen wagons, eighty-three oxen, four cows and one mule. At Florence James A. Little was appointed president, Wm. G. Young, captain, and A. M. Musser, clerk and historian of the train. Elders Phineas H. Young, James Case and Geo. W. Thurston, returning missionaries, also crossed the plains in this company; also Nancy Kent, President Brigham Young's

elder sister who was seventy-one years old.

At different points on the road the several trains met Elders Robert T. Burton and J. W. Cummings, who on the fifteenth of August started out from Salt Lake City with a company of brethren to protect the emigration and watch the movements of Johnston's army, en route for Utah. The emigrants, however, were not molested by the troops, although some of the companies on several occasions traveled and camped in close proximity to the government freight trains. *Millennial Star*, Vol. XIX, pp. 509, 541, 620, 621, 766, *Deseret News*, Vol. VII, pp. 188, 224, 229, 236; *Morgenshjernen*, Vol. III, p. 433.

Andrew Jensen.

LEAVES FROM HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

v.

PHAETON, in order to prove that he was a child of the Sun, demanded of his father, to drive the chariot of light for one day. Sol, having sworn to grant whatever Phaeton should ask, could not refuse. In vain did he give to the rash youth, the most prudent directions for the management of the horses. They soon perceived the weakness and inexperience of the charioteer, quitted the usual track, and involved earth and heaven in one general conflagration. To save the world from absolute destruction, Jupiter hurled his thunderbolt, dashed Phaeton lifeless from the car into the river Po, in Italy, and scattered the fiery coursers. His sisters, called the Heliades or daughters of the Sun, stood weeping in mournful silence round the body of their beloved brother, till they were changed into poplars, and their tears became amber.

"Jove call'd to witness every power above
And e'er the God whose son the chariot drove,
That what he asks he is compelled to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.

Straight he ascends the high ethereal Throne,
Whence fierce he us'd to dart his thunder down,
Whence his dread show'rs and storms he used to pour;

Then aiming at the youth with lifted hand

Full at his head he hurl'd the flaming brand;
At once from life and from the chariot driv'n,
The ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n;

The coursers started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground;
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel and there a silver spoke,
Here, the bright beam and axle torn away,
And scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.

The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country in the western world.

(*Ovid's Metamorphoses.*)

Circe, sister of Aurora and Phaeton, was a most skillful sorceress and is said to have changed men into beasts, and to have drawn stars from heaven by her powerful incantations. Circe was the emblem of voluptuousness and by this allegory the poets taught that those degraded themselves who became enslaved to this vice although their genius and talents might have been as bright as the stars in the firmament.

"Now by rich Circe's coast they bend their way
Circe, fair daughter of the God of day.
A dangerous shore; the echoing forests rung,
While at the loom the beauteous Goddess sung;
Bright cedar brands supply her father's rays

Perfume the dome, and round the palace blaze.
 Here, wolves with howlings scare the naval train,
 And lions roar, reluctant to the chain.
 Here, growling bears and swine their ears affright
 And break the solemn silence of the night.
 These once were men; but Circe's charms confine,

In brutal shapes, the human form divine.

(*Pitt's Virgil.*)

Bacchus, signifying to reveal, was the son of Jupiter and Semele and was re-



vered as the god of wine. He was sometimes represented as an aged man with a venerable beard; sometimes as a young man with horns, a red face, a body blotched and puffed up; but most frequently as a beautiful and very effeminate youth, having long flowing hair. He rides in a chariot drawn by tigers and lions or lynxes and panthers; his head is crowned with ivy or vine leaves and in his hand is a thyrsus or javelin, entwined with branches of the same plants, and a cantbarus or cup. He is reputed to have taught the art of cultivating the vine; of making wine; of preparing hon-

ey for use. He is said to have brought men from a savage to a civilized state and to have subdued India, Phrygia, Egypt, Syria and all the east. He is said by Horace and Virgil to have performed a number of strange absurdities, such as bestowing upon Midas, king of Phrygia, to whom Apollo presented the pair of asses' ears, the fatal gift of burning everything he touched into gold.

In consequence of this, Midas being almost starved to death, entreated the god to deprive him of the dangerous power. This was affected by his washing in the river Poeholus, which ever after, retained the reputation of possessing golden streams and golden sands.

The fir, ivy, fig and wine, were consecrated to Bacchus. The goat was slain in his sacrifices because peculiarly destructive to vines; and the Egyptians immolated swine to his honor. The various festivals of the god of wine were celebrated as may well be supposed, with riot and excess. His priestesses, called Bacchant, Bassarides, Shyades and Menades ran wild upon the mountains disguised in tiger's skins, with disheveled hair and torches, or thyrsi, in their hands. Nothing could well be more absurd, impious and licentious than these horrid festivals, which were named Bacchanalia, Dionysia, Trilerica, and Orgia; whence riotous meetings are frequently called orgies.

"Bacchus, on thee we call, in hymns divine,
 And hang thy statues on the lofty pine
 Hence, plenty ev'ry laughing vineyard fills
 Through the deep valleys and the sloping hills
 Where'er the god inclines his lovely face
 More luscious fruits the rich plantations grace.
 Then let us Bacchus' praises duly sing,
 And consecrated cakes and chargers bring;
 Dragg'd by their horns, let victim goats expire;
 And roast on hazel spits before the sacred fire.
 Come, sacred sire, with luscious clusters crown'd,
 Let all the riches of thy reign abound;
 Each field replete, with blushing autumn glow,
 And in deep tides, by thee, the foaming vintage flow."
 (*Pitt's Virgil.*)

The best historians, Herodotus, Plutarch, and Liodorus Diculuz, assert that he was born in Egypt, and educated at Nysa, a city in Arabia Felix, whither he had been sent by his father, Jupiter Am-

mon. From them it appears, that the Bacchus of the Greeks was no other than the famous Osiris, conqueror of India. This Bacchus is supposed by many learned men, to be Moses: Both are re-



presented as born in Egypt, and exposed in their infancy upon the Nile. Bacchus was educated at Nissa or Nysa, in Arabia, and in the same country Moses passed forty years. Bacchus, when persecuted, retired to the borders of the Red Sea, and Moses fled with the Israelites, from the Egyptian bondage, beyond the same sea. The numerous army of Bacchus, composed of men, women and children, passed through Arabia on their way to India just as the Israelites were obliged to wander in the desert, long before they arrived in Palestine, which, as well as India, is part of the continent of Asia. The fable represents Bacchus with horns, which may be supposed to allude to the light that is said to have shone around the countenance of Moses, who in old engravings, is frequently represented

with horns. Moses received the Jewish law on Mount Sinai. Bacchus was brought up on Mount Nysa. Bacchus, armed with his thyrsus, defeated the giants. The miraculous rod of Moses was the means of destroying the descendants of the giants. Jupiter was said to have sent Bacchus into India to exterminate a sinful nation, and it is recorded, that Moses was commanded, by the true God, to do the same in Palestine. The God Pan gave Bacchus a dog to accompany him in his travels; Caleb, which, in Hebrew, signifies a dog, was the name of the faithful companion of Moses. Bacchus, by striking the earth with his thyrsus, produced rivers of wine. Moses, by striking the rock with his miraculous rod, caused water to gush out to satisfy the raging thirst of the Israelites. Others have regarded Bacchus as being the same as Nimrod, the first ambitious conqueror and enslaver of men—that mighty hunter before the Lord.

Silvius was the chief of the Sabyrs, the foster-father of Bacchus. He was represented as an old man with a bald head, a flat nose, large ears, and every mark of intemperance. He was generally seen accompanying Bacchus, riding upon an ass, but so intoxicated as to be incapable of keeping his seat. Historians give a different account of him. They say he was a philosopher of great wisdom and learning who accompanied Bacchus in his expedition to India, and was his principal counselor.

The god Pan held a principal place among the most ancient divinities. By the poets, he is said to be the son of Jupiter and Calista, or of Mercury and Penelope. He was represented as will be here seen, under the form of a satyr, half man and half goat, holding in his hand the rural pipe invented by him and called syrinx. He was generally venerated by the Arcadians as the head of all the rural deities. In the month of February the Romans celebrated his feasts, which they called Lupercalia from the place consecrated to him, being supposed to be the same, where Romulus and Remus were suckled by the wolf, in Latin *lupus*. His priests were called Luperci. Pan

was also regarded as the inspirer of sudden confounded fright and terror; especially of the unaccountable consternation which sometimes turned armies to flight. The Athenians had a statue of him like that of Mars. And in some antique gems and sculptures his figure is nearly as formidable as that of the Lorgon Medusa.

The real origin of Pan is somewhat dubious. The Egyptians worshipping the sun as Osiris, and the moon as Isis, and the several parts of the universe under various names, adored the whole collectively under the figure half man and half other animals. To this deity the Greeks gave the name Pan, signifying whole. Pan was very unfortunate in his love affairs and it is related that he fell in love with the nymphs Echo, Syrinx and Pitbys. Echo preferred the beautiful Narcissus; who, seeing his own image in a fountain was so captivated with it, that he remained gazing there, till he languished and died. Echo pined away with grief, but being immortal, preserved her voice repeating every sound which reached her.

Syrinx was a nymph in the train of Diana, and, when pursued by Pan, fled for refuge to the river Ladon, her father, who changed her into a reed. Pan, observing that the reeds, when agitated by the wind, emitted a pleasing sound, connected some of them together, formed of them the rural pipe and named it Syrinx. Pitbys was more favorably inclined to the god, but unfortunately for her Boreas (the north wind), being jealous of this interference with his powerful blast precipitated her from a rock. While falling she was changed into a pine tree, which was deemed sacred to Pan. Milk and honey were offered to this deity.

The Genii were ranked in the number of domestic divinities. Every man was supposed to have two accompanying him: one the author of his misery, the other of his happiness. They were represented as young men holding in one hand a vessel for drinking and in the other a horn of plenty. Sometimes they were depicted under the form of serpents. The forehead was peculiarly consecrated

to them. It was the universal custom to invoke these Genii on birthdays. The ground was strewn with flowers; and wine was offered to them in cups. The opinion prevailed that the universe abounded in spirits, presiding over its various parts and movements. Plato speaks of Gromes, Sylphs and Salamanders; the first inhabiting the earth; the second, the air; the third, the fire.

Amongst the heathens the infernal regions were held in great dread and were called Avernus. Before the entrance was stationed a host of dreadful forms; disease, terror, old age, hunger, sleep, death, war, discord, and the furies, the avengers of death and of guilt with snaky hair and whips of scorpions. 'Near this dismal cavern is the road to



PAN:

the river Aeheron, whither resort the departed spirits in order to pass over.*" Charon, the aged, surly boatman receives them into his bark who had been

* Virgil.

honored with funeral rites, but rejects inexorably those who have not, and these last are condemned to wander for a whole century on its solitary shores. On the other side of the river, is the gate leading to the palace of Pluto, the sovereign of these dreary realms, which is guarded by Cerberus, an enormous dog with three heads one of which is always on the watch. Within this seal of horror are seen first, the souls of infants who expired as soon as born and who had not the ceremony of exorcism* performed; then those who are put to death unjustly, or who killed themselves. Beyond them, wandering in myrtle groves, are the victims to love and despair. Then succeed the abodes of heroes. Not far from them, is seen the dread tribunal, where Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus administer strict justice, and pass the irreversible sentence. Then Tartarus, the tremendous prison surrounded by three massive walls, having three gates of solid brass, round which the flaming Phlegethon rolls his waves of fire and Cocytus extends his stagnant pool. Here, likewise is the river Sty by which if the gods swore, their oath was inviolable; and Lethe, whose waters, when tasted, produced forgetfulness of past events.

"Arriv'd, they first grim Cerebus survey;
Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monster lay,
His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell,
And loud, long bellowings, shook the realms of hell;
Now o'er his neck the starting serpents rose,
When to the fiend the dame a morsel throws.
Honey and drugs, and poppy juices, steep
The tempered mass with all the powers of sleep.
With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies
The growling savage, and devours the prize;
Then, by the charm subdued, he sunk away;
And stretch'd o'er all the cave the slumb'ring monster lay.
At hell's dread mouth a thousand monsters wait;
Grief weeps, and Vengeance bellows in the gate;
Base Want, low Fear, and Famine's lawless rage,
And pale Disease, and slow repining Age.
Fierce, formidable fiends! the portals keep;
With Pain, Toil, Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
There, Joys embittered with Remorse, appear;
Daughters of Guilt! here, storms destructive war;
Mad Discord there her snaky tresses tore;
Here, stretch'd on iron beds, the Furies roar.
Full in the midst a spreading elm displayed
His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade.
Each trembling leaf, with some light vision teems,
And heaves, impregnated with airy dreams."

(*Ovid's Metamorphoses.*)

Geo. F. Phillips.

THE RAISING OF THE BOYCOTT.

I.

"TWENTY-TWO below zero, and the mercury still falling," remarked Harold Vincent, laying aside his ulster and coming over to the cheerful blaze of an open hearth, where sat his mother and sister with Uncle John Van Horn, a western mine owner, who was paying them a short visit.

"Read this, mother," he continued

*The ceremony of exorcism among the heathens differed but little from the baptism as to-day practiced in the Roman Catholic Church. A little salt is placed in the child's mouth, a little oil known as the chrism on the forehead and the water poured out of a shell on the head of the infant while the priest says, "let thee begone, Satan, with all thy works and pomp." *G. F. P.*

handing her the morning's paper. "There's enough misery to open the eyes of the city of New York, and it's not a network of fabrication by the reporters either. I've been down to the Bethel th's morning, and the sights there are simply heart-rending."

Dr. Vincent, Harold's father, was well known as a philanthropist, and with a vast fortune at his command had been influential in establishing a splendid system of relief for the needy. In this he had been ably seconded by his wife, who had long ago learned that true happiness arose from true unselfishness, and every good deed she accomplished and every kind word she spoke added to the pleasure of her daily life.

As Mrs. Vincent glanced over the paper, the doctor entered with a troubled countenance.

"Harold," he said addressing his son, "did you ever hear the like? I have just been notified by the coal combine that in consequence of our advertising that the Manhattan Coal Company would furnish coal at two dollars and sixty-five cents a ton to the poor of New York, we have been boycotted by the balance of the companies, and the barges will hereafter deliver no coal at our dock. They insist it is a scheme on our part to break the combine."

"That need cause you no uneasiness," replied Harold bringing up a chair for his father. "As far as deliveries at the docks are concerned, I believe that by to-morrow, the ice will be so thick in the harbor that it will be next to impossible for the ferries to run, much less land any coal tows, so all coal will have to come in over the New York Central until after the ice breaks up."

"How can they be so heartless," exclaimed Mrs. Vincent indignantly. "They certainly know there is great suffering among the poor people of New York. If I were you I'd defeat them if I had to give the coal away."

"And so I will," said the doctor. "It's all John Daly's scheming, this opposition by the combine. He's a natural enemy of the poor, and would see them starve or freeze to death without lifting a finger."

Harold glanced at his sister, as the doctor left the room. The Dalys were not only neighbors, but intimate friends of the Vincents. In fact it was an open secret that their son Ned was engaged to the doctor's daughter—a fact that caused the good old doctor considerable anxiety, knowing as he did the family's prejudiced ideas on aristocracy. Harold shared his father's anxiety. He had found Ned Daly a charming companion socially, and did not wonder that Ormsby should fall in love with him. But he knew Ned was selfish to the core, and was more than once tempted to use his influence against the match. As he was about to speak to his sister, he heard his father

passing through the hall. "Give me a lift, Ormsby," he said picking up his heavy coat. "I guess I'll go back to town with father. We're liable to have our hands full to-day."

II.

The Bethel where the relief bureau was established, was an old church whose congregation had long since deserted for a more fashionable quarter, and modern building. They leased it to the doctor for a moderate sum, and he quickly converted it into suitable quarters for the bureau. The Vincents were not alone in their charitable labors. Churches of all denominations, and many outside of the church contributed to the support of this worthy enterprise, and the members personally assisted in the work. The winter being extremely severe, the number seeking relief was very large, and when the doctor and Harold drove up to the south door, it was with difficulty they effected an entrance. They made their way to the manager's office, which was partitioned off from the main room. This main room was divided by railings separating the several departments. One of these was devoted to wearing apparel, another to food supplies, and still another to feeding the hungry poor. The doctor had left everything to the discrimination of those in charge, and when they were not satisfied of the worthiness of an individual applying for aid, the investigating committee looked into the condition of the applicant and decided as to the necessity for relief. Soup and bread were served free, but a small charge was made for everything else. In the rear of the church a vacant lot was utilized for the storing of coal, and this was sold to very poor people at the rate of two dollars and sixty-five cents a ton, which was less than half the market price established by the combine, as coal began to be scarce. The stock of the Manhattan Coal Company was all held by the Vincents, with the exception of a very few shares, and instead of agreeing to the advance when the severe cold set in, they advertised at two dollars and sixty-five cents a ton for the poorer classes. No one, however, could buy more than a ton at a time, and those who

bought less than half a ton paid a little higher rate, and each party's name and address must be filed and entered on the books. When any one was refused cheap coal at the Bethel, they had recourse to the main office of the company where the case was investigated, and if worthy they were supplied at the cheap rate.

Mr. Franken the manager, came from the office as he saw the doctor and his son

"We've fed about seven hundred since seven o'clock this morning," he said in answer to the doctor's inquiry. "Some free and others at the penny lunch stand. The latter seems to be quite a success."

"And how about the cots we placed in the galleries?" pursued the doctor.

"They were all filled last night," replied Franken. "We used every available space in the church for accommodat- ing lodgers, and those we couldn't accom- modate were sent to the police stations. We had a large crowd last night."

The doctor glanced over the building. Every space occupied with tables, boxes or attendants, was filled with a motley group. He passed on to where the sup- plies were issued. Mr. Spencer, the gen- tleman in charge of this department was busily engaged in examining two woe- begone-looking customers. Behind the railing on long tables, wearing apparel of every description and variety was piled in neat order. The most of this clothing was what would be termed "cast offs," and cost the society only the trouble of soliciting and gathering up from various points of the city. Many a young man who had for years disposed of his old clothes to the Shylocks who went about buying them for a paltry sum, was glad to enlist himself in the good cause, and in this way the association was able to pro- vide the destitute and poorly clad with comfortable wearing apparel.

The doctor and Harold lingered for a few minutes talking over the situation with Spencer, and then left the building, driving down to their business office, where they were soon busily immersed in the routine of the day's labor.

III.

That same evening as the family were at dinner discussing the incidents of the

day, and arguing what system would prove of permanent benefit to the poor of the world, the waiting maid came into the room, and handed Ormsby a card.

"Is it Ned?" inquired her mother. "If it's Mr. Daly," she said turning to the ser- vant, "tell him to come to the dining room. I should like to hear what he has to say on this question," she continued, after the girl left the room.

"He's a chip of the old block," re- marked the doctor, "and I don't think he loses any sleep over such things. What he'll say will only be a compromise for Ormsby's sake."

"I hope you brought your thinking cap with you, Ned," said Mrs. Vincent, as he took a chair next to the Doctor, after exchanging greetings, "because we're going to ask your opinion on a very important subject.

"I hope I did," replied Ned. "At all events I shall do the best I can. What is the nature of the subject, Mrs. Vin- cent?"

"We were discussing what would be neces- sary to effect a radical reform in the present condition of the poor," replied Mrs. Vincent.

"In other words," supplemented Har- old, "we have throughout the country a great number of poor, and even destitute people. Many of these are willing and anxious to work, but cannot obtain em- ployment. What plan should be pursued to place them on a self-supporting basis?"

"It is a difficult question," replied Ned. "The very first obstacle is the separation of the worthy and the unworthy. You know how many beggars to whom we give our dimes, go around the corner and buy a drink."

"But every one should have an oppor- tunity to establish his worthiness," said Ormsby. "First let us have the system, and then attend to the weeding."

"Very well, we're all attention," said Ned. There was no subject he couldn't discuss better than that of the poor, and he was glad to shift the responsibility. "I'll venture to say with all due respect for the rest of us that you can advance the most original idea."

"Yes, Ormsby," added the Doctor,

"let us hear your plan, if you have one, and after that I should like to hear from Uncle John."

"I don't know that I can offer anything feasible," she replied hesitatingly, "but I have given the question some thought, and the more I think of it, the more I believe that it is only fair that those who are unfortunate should have an opportunity to make not only a living for themselves, but to progress according to their energy and ability. It seems to me that nothing short of national legislation could possibly be successful. Individual wealth would exhaust itself without accomplishing the desired results, even if perfect harmony and unity of action could be secured. My plan would be colonization. That is for the government to establish colonies thereby creating a demand for labor. In the United States there is ample room for the improvement of various sections of the country, and as I understand it, by colonization, that particular region would be distinctly benefited. There should also be established large manufactories and other enterprises in such locations as are best fitted for their successful operation. This would provide labor for all who wish to work."

"Your idea is certainly an original one," said the Doctor, "and would of course directly benefit the individuals themselves. If this could be accomplished without detriment to individual enterprises, and was not in opposition to the very principles on which the nation is founded, it would work successfully and there would be no further room for argument. But I can convince you in a few words that your plan would be disastrous. In the first place it would cause over production. No country can afford to force the market above what its natural resources actually demand. Whatever undeveloped resources there are must create a demand for labor in a natural way. Again, the output of factories and enterprises fostered by the government would have to go on the market for consumption. This would bring the government in direct competition with individual enterprise, and the latter would in all

probability be forced to the wall by the decrease in values."

"But, father," interposed Harold, "would it not be consistent for the government to confine itself to national enterprises? Say in beautifying and increasing the number of national parks, redeeming arid lands, the improvement of highways and of rivers and harbors, and the establishment of national waterways, for instance a ship canal from Lake Erie to New York harbor, an enterprise already agitated by private capital and one that would furnish labor for a large body of workmen."

"That of course would be more consistent than Ormsby's plan," replied the Doctor. "But such relief, while it would furnish temporary employment for a great number of men, would still be inconsistent with the natural law of the world, and not only that, the increase in government patronage would in all probability be perverted by unscrupulous politicians. Experience has demonstrated that the best results in the individual progress of all nations has been developed by private or corporated enterprise. The general welfare of business means the general welfare of those who are employed in carrying it on. To reach these desired results, we must have the successful operation of a general law. Ormsby spoke of national legislation, but her plan as well as your own was to remedy special evils by temporary legislation directed only to them, and bringing into operation no natural law. What is needed, however, is such legislation as will give free scope to natural laws and accomplish the desired results. The ratio of money and the business to be done by it is the same as the relation of the blood to the body. An adequate supply of blood is the fullness of growth to the body. Any legislation increasing legitimately the volume of money of ultimate redemption would increase prosperity and furnish the only practical solution to the question under discussion. Every one would be benefited by the inflation of the currency. If there is any way to accomplish this, the question is settled.

In this connection I should like to hear from Uncle John," said the Doctor as he concluded his remarks.

"There is a way," quietly responded that individual, "and the people of the west who are the gold and silver producers have endeavored for some time to make it apparent that it is the one channel of relief. Let the world once realize that by their refusal to recognize the bimetallic basis, that is the relation of gold and silver as it was previous to 1873, they are building up a system which is impoverishing the vast majority and increasing the wealth of the few, and we will obtain that relief. As the doctor remarked, a legitimate increase of the volume of money coined, would increase prosperity. Whenever the government establishes free coinage, placing silver on the basis of gold, it will provide a natural remedy for hard times. It will call for an increase of production through individual enterprise and provide labor for the unemployed. It is not possible for the misery of the world to be entirely obliterated. Nothing can accomplish that. But much can be averted. The money lenders of the world at present stand in the same relation to the people as master and slave. By decreasing the circulation of money, they increase its power. Should the government repeal the act under which they agree to purchase a certain amount of silver bullion each month, matters would take on a still more serious aspect, and while the ultimate effect would probably be to force the world to a bimetallic basis, or go into bankruptcy, still the amount of suffering it would in the mean time involve could scarcely be estimated. There is no necessity for this, however. The United States produce about forty per cent. of the entire gold and silver of the world, and the balance of trade is almost universally in our favor. We are powerful enough to act independently of foreign powers, and by establishing free coinage, demonstrate to them the general prosperity to follow in its wake."

"I agree with Uncle John," said the doctor, "except as far as the question of acting independently of the world is concerned. While we are a most powerful

nation, still we would take great chances in adopting free coinage, and paying our foreign balances in gold. I'm afraid that wouldn't do. But by placing all nations on a bimetallic basis, the general results would be increased prosperity to every one."

"And is there no other way by which the poor could be generally benefited?" inquired Ormsby, rather disappointed.

"I rather think not," replied the doctor, as they rose from the table, "except through the methods already employed. It wouldn't do to have a vast array of government dependents, and that's what we would have under any other plan. As I said before, their improved condition must be brought about through natural channels."

Ned Daly was considerably impressed with what he had heard at the Vincents, and as he walked home over the icy pavements, he thought that after all there was considerable more in the relation of the rich to the poor than he'd ever thought of before. The efforts of the Vincents and others to relieve the latter's distress had been steadily opposed by his father whenever it became a matter of dollars and cents to him. Did he not influence the coal combine to drop the Manhattan company because the latter's policy would reduce the price to consumers generally? Ned had always been completely wrapped up in self. Surrounded by luxury, his every wish gratified, it was but natural that he should learn to look upon life as only self gratification and emolument. But Ned's was not a hopeless case, and his brain was working.

As he entered the hall-way, he saw a light in the library. Pushing open the door he found his father busily engaged with some papers.

"Well, son," said Mr. Daly, looking at his watch, "rather late aren't you?"

"No later than yourself," he replied smiling, at the same time throwing his coat aside and bringing up a chair. "It's unusual to find you writing so late at night."

"Quite so," remarked Mr. Daly, as he glanced over his papers, "and it's all on account of that fool proposition of Doc.

Vincent's on the coal question. He's got the best of us all 'round. The harbor's so full of ice that nothing can move, and our coal fleet's anchored some five miles down the bay. This afternoon I telegraphed Albany and Troy, and found the Manhattan company had wired for everything there was to spare in both cities and made arrangements with the New York Central for transportation. We are simply outgeneraled and the boycott against the Manhattan is useless. That coal fleet must be brought to the dock, if it costs every cent I've got in the world. This philanthropy business has got to stop. The idea of losing thousands just to gratify the hobby of an old granny."

The old gentleman rose and paced the floor excitedly.

"And how are you going to get your coal to the dock?" inquired Ned.

"That's hard to say," replied the father as he stopped at the table where he'd been working. "But I'm writing to several parties, offering them special inducements to let us have their very strongest tugs in the morning and endeavor to break a passage through the ice. If you'll ring for a messenger, I'll finish at once."

Ned went to the 'phone. "I guess you'd better tell them to send three, Ned," added his father. "These letters all go in different directions and must be delivered to-night."

"Well, I'm going up stairs, unless I can be of any further service to you," said Ned after sending the telephone.

"I'm through now, thanks, Ned," replied Mr. Daly, "and I'm going to bed myself as soon as I get these letters off. I'll be very busy to-morrow and will breakfast early and be off for the docks."

"I say, father," called out Ned, pausing on the stairway, "what would be the effect upon the world in general if the United States were to adopt free coinage?"

"Free coinage!" answered Mr. Daly coming out into the hall and looking curiously up at his son. "Why free coinage would create the greatest panic the world has ever seen. Free coinage would almost make a beggar of me and all the holders of securities throughout the land.

Why, every cent of interest we make on our loans at present brings us half as much again in produce that it would were money plentiful."

"But are we not constantly enriching ourselves at the expense of the producer?" questioned Ned.

"O," replied his father hesitatingly, "I suppose so. But what have we to do with that? We've earned the right to dictate our own terms. What's their loss is our legitimate gain."

"But suppose we should go on reducing the money in circulation. Would it not in time create a revolution among the borrowers, or would there not be a universal demand for legislation repudiating the obligation of the debtor, as an act of self preservation?" asked Ned.

"I can't possibly foresee such a climax," replied Mr. Daly. "As a matter of fact, all we want is to stop the coinage of silver entirely, and establish gold as the monetary basis of the world. Then there is no fear as to the future on the part of the capitalist."

"Van Horn is right," thought Ned to himself after he reached his room. "I can see the Pater's reason for arguing against any increased circulation. He views it entirely from his own standpoint, and I know the world at large don't reap any special benefits through him, unless he gets the larger end of them."

After a late breakfast with his mother the following morning, Ned Daly hurried down town to his father's office, thinking he might possibly be of service to him, for although since last night's argument on the poor question, Ned was rather inclined to be glad that the Vincents had obtained the upper hand in the coal controversy, he was still loyal to his father's interests, and besides he felt he could afford to lend him all the aid possible, as he was satisfied from the appearance of the harbor on the day previous, that there was no getting the coal fleet to the docks. He had not said a word to discourage his father's purpose, deeming it wiser to let him find it out for himself.

He had but just reached the private office and laid aside his coat, when the

chief clerk came in with a message in his hand, his face wearing an anxious look.

"Why, Farnsworth, what's happened?" inquired Ned, startled by his expression. "What have you got there?"

"Now, Ned, don't get excited," replied Farnsworth (he had been in the employ of the Dalys for years.) "You see there's been an accident, and it's kind of serious." Ned's face turned an ashy white. He thought of his father and the coal fleet. "Now please don't. Let me read it to you." But Ned had made a desperate clutch for the paper. He nerved himself to read it. The dispatch contained the awful intelligence that his father had been drowned in the harbor. He sank back in a chair. Farnsworth preserved an eloquent silence, simply coming forward and grasping his hand.

"Call a cab," said Ned, as he partially recovered himself. "But first send a note to the house. Don't let mother know it all at once. Perhaps you'd better go up yourself, Farnsworth. O my poor mother!"

"I'll go, Ned," said Farnsworth gently, "I've already ordered a cab, and Dick Curtis will go with you. You'd better get down to the river as soon as possible."

Arriving at the dock, they found the little office surrounded by the usual morbid crowd. Ned forced his way through and the policemen asking no questions, promptly let him pass into the room. His father's partner met him at the door.

"I know all," said Ned, anticipating Mr. Toronto's remarks. "And the body, was it recovered? Is he actually drowned? O, why didn't I dissuade him from his purpose last night," he moaned as he threw himself in a chair.

"Now, Ned, compose yourself," replied Toronto kindly, putting his arm around his shoulder. "It was simply an accident and your father's rashness caused it all."

Then he told Ned how it happened. His father had come to the river early, and securing one of the large tugs he had spoken for the evening previous, had

started down the bay through the ice. The boat made slow progress, and had finally found it impossible to get along. A couple of the crew at Mr. Daly's request then took a small skiff, and the three launched it a little farther out, walking over the ice gorge to where the harbor was open, and started on their perilous trip toward the coal fleet. The little boat was run down and capsized by a vessel endeavoring to get to port, and all efforts to save the three men were fruitless. Mr. Daly and one of the crew were found jammed between their little boat and a large floating cake of ice, which had held them in a vise-like grasp preventing all escape. The other body had not been recovered.

"Your father's remains," said Toronto, as he finished the awful story, "were transferred to the fatal tug he had started out in, and are now in the next room awaiting the arrival of the coroner. I did not know of his purpose until after he had left the dock. He has paid dearly for his folly."

The two went into the next room and Toronto gently lifted the sheet exposing, the face of his friend and partner.

"And this," said Ned as he gazed on the features of his dead father, calm and natural as in life, "this is the result of an effort to defeat the plans of a charitable man. What a lesson this calamity has taught me!"

He leaned over the body and pressed his lips to the forehead.

* * * * *

The following day the remains of the dead millionaire lay in state in the parlors of his palatial residence. It was one o'clock. The funeral services were set for two. Ned had just completed all the arrangements for the carriages, and was coming from the library as Ormsby Vincent was announced. He met her in the hallway, and together they entered the parlor to take a last look at the dead. She slipped her hand into his and gave it a pressure. Ned gazed thoughtfully at the upturned face in the casket.

"Ormsby," he said presently, "whatever my views have been in the past, the warning conveyed by this awful catastro-

phe shall not pass me by unheeded.
Here by the side of my dead father, I
promise that no one in the future will be
able to say of Ned Daly, that he never

has time to think of anything but self.
From this time forth I shall never forget
what is due my fellow-men."

Harry R. Browne.

THE TEMPLE.

Dedicated to Presidents Wilford Woodruff, Geo. Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith.

OH, house! hewn from the mountain peaks—
Oh, pale gray walls, and pointing spires—
The theme that through thy vision speaks
Is lit with gleams of holy fires;

Nor highest gift of minstrelsy,
Of silverest rhymes, or sweetest songs,
Can reach the grandeur of the key
That to thy wondrous grace belongs.

The perfect scenes that lie within
Thy mask of quiet granite walls
Seem unto heaven so much akin
That highest music feebly falls.

Nor naught of earth can measure praise,
Or hymn, a pæan for the band,
Whose steadfast faith sufficed to raise
Thy splendid altar in the land;

Timed to such memories as thrilled
The fruitful years—what hopes were fed
With each new view that saw fulfilled
The task with which their lives were wed;

Each plodding block, and soaring spire
Bore record of a danger passed;
For hatred's hurricane and fire
Have threatened thee throughout the past.

What wonder that in that great hour
Which saw the crowning boulder laid—
And over all with storied dower
Aloft the soaring angel swayed—

That from those hearts with glad accord
The pealing shout in union sprang—
"Hosanna, to the Lamb and Lord,"
Till earth and all the heavens rang!

Or when, that golden day drawn near,
Which saw the splendid work complete,
And in thy walls were gathered here
Tried souls, in union high and sweet—

That through the place, like holy dew,
The spell of peace and love was shed;
And hearts with covenants strong and true
In ties of brotherhood were wed.

If nothing but the memories shared
Of trials borne—of victories won
Together in the years that fared
Since thy great work was first begun,

There could but flow—from such high stress
The tears that made re-union pure,
And welded bonds whose changelessness
Through time forever must endure.

The tempest moaned without the wall,
And laid fierce fingers on each pane,
But peace was strong within—and all
Its angry threatenings passed as vain.

Shut safe from elemental strife
We wandered slow from room to room,
Thorough symbolized mysteries of life;—
The garden's imaged blight and bloom,

Creation's wondrous miracles
Terrestrial scenes of sober tint;
And felt the deep increasing spells
Of each new glory's thrilling hint.

The grandeurs of the holy spot
Whose spacious nave and lofty dome
In myriad chastened splendors wrought,
Gave dreams of the celestial home.

And every being there, that pressed
The portals of the peerless place,
Caught visions of the Eternal Rest,
Whose glimpses thy high beauties trace.

Before us pacing arm in arm,
Fair choristers, in robes of white,
Made angel semblance; adding charm
And fitness to the heavenly sight.

Oh, house! stored up with wondrous dower—
May that high spell which claimed each heart
Through potency of a subtle power
Which in thy holy peace has part—

Live ever; and within each soul
A shrine as sacred and as fair
As that which makes thy beauties whole
Be built of strivings strong and rare.

May courage like thy granite bound;
Enclose them from the tempest's threat;
And lofty spires of faith surround
Each trial's tower and minaret.

May thoughts, white-clad, and angel sweet,
Among their aisles and altars pace,
Till they be perfect—e'en to meet
Their God and Savior face to face.

Josephine Spencer.

THE CONTRIBUTOR

PUBLISHED BY

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - MAY, 1893.

A GLORIOUS PROMISE.

Perhaps the one feature of the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple which will give the most universal satisfaction is the glorious promise made by President Woodruff and other brethren concerning the forgiveness of sins. As is well known the greatest leniency was shown in granting entrance to members of the Church. Many persons passed through that sacred building who for many years had been so careless and indifferent in regard to their religion that they were not generally known to be in the Church, but upon examination of the books it was found that no action had ever been taken which excommunicated them from the fold.

There were occasions, through the freedom of admission which was given, that some of the Saints felt disposed to criticise the congregations assembled. One day in particular there were so many of seeming little faith in attendance, that a brother remarked, "If the Lord is pleased with this congregation I think He is very easily satisfied."

Doubtless there were persons admitted who were entirely unworthy of entrance into such a holy place, and yet, who is there among the Latter-day Saints that feels to regret the decision of the presiding authorities to grant entrance to all whose names appeared on the Church records? We believe that none among the Latter-day Saints would have changed, had they possessed the power, this decision. There is no doubt that the meetings will have a tendency to revive interest and love in the hearts of once faithful members, who, through various circumstances have gradually drifted into indifference concerning the Gospel. In fact the effects are already being seen to some extent at least in the actions of the people. It is to be hoped

that the reformation thus begun will continue, until all who have a spark of desire for righteousness, shall be led to repent of their sins and turn unto the Lord with greater fervor and diligence than they have ever before manifested. If they will do so the glorious promise made them will be verified.

Is it not a joyful thought that by becoming possessed of a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and by refraining from sin in the future, all our past transgressions will be blotted out from before the face of God? Such a result is worthy of the most diligent labors and strenuous exertions on the part of the Saints. Some may doubt the authority of President Woodruff to make this promise, but none who recognize the inspiration which prompted him, can doubt its fulfillment, and even those in whom there may be dubiety concerning his authority cannot do better than to place the matter to the test, and see if they will not themselves receive a testimony of its divine origin.

Just as the truth of the Gospel can be ascertained by fulfilling its requirements, so can the truth of this promise be verified by observing the conditions attached thereto. Consequently, however doubtful we may be, such a glorious prospect should at least inspire us with sufficient faith to strive to make ourselves worthy of its fulfillment, as far as we are individually concerned. May we not fall short of the promised blessing, but feel here in life and even hereafter in eternity, that God meant exactly what He said in this promise of the forgiveness of past sins!

WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

ONE of the principal objects in view when the publication of THE CONTRIBUTOR commenced, was to furnish an organ through which young people might give expression to their views, and especially that our young men might give themselves practice in the art of writing for the press. The ability to express one's thoughts on paper in an interesting and intelligent manner, needs much practice and careful study. Yet the talent which many of our young people possess, though perhaps now lying dormant,

should be cultivated with diligence, as it is of the greatest value to its possessors. There is scarcely any position in life where such an acquirement cannot be used to advantage.

In great measure this object of the magazine seems to have been forgotten or neglected. It is seldom now that articles for publication are obtained, except through personal solicitation, and then mostly from writers who are more or less known. The result is that the variety of ideas is not presented, which it is so desirable should be, in our columns.

There are very many young men and women in our community who would become excellent if not brilliant authors if they would devote some little time and deep thought to the matter of writing for the press. Very few there are who do not possess the ability to tell an incident or express a thought in an interesting way, and successful authorship consists in little more than writing our ideas just as we would express them in speaking. The fault of many writers is that they manifest a stiffness in their writings which is not exhibited in their conversations, and thus they spoil their compositions. Another fault of some young writers is that they feel that when their pen touches the paper it must only moralize, and they take some abstract subject for consideration, which becomes dry and tedious in treatment. Young writers had better commence by writing up some interesting occurrence from the experience of themselves or other people, incidents of travel, or something of this nature, until they acquire facility of expression, when they can turn their attention to more abstruse subjects. Never, however, should they undertake to treat a subject without being thoroughly familiar with it. As with a successful speaker, so with a competent writer, he never undertakes to treat a matter unless his mind is saturated with thoughts and information concerning it.

We desire our young people to write for the press, and extend hereby an invitation to them to write for *THE CONTRIBUTOR*. It may be that many of their articles will be rejected, but this should

not produce discouragement. None will be returned which are considered suitable for publication, and for your own sakes it is and will be better for unsuitable matter to be returned. No person, unless he be a genius, can immediately jump into notoriety as a writer. Very few indeed if any of our great writers have had all their productions accepted. Repeated failures, to a person of true grit, only inspire renewed exertions and ultimate success. Therefore, those who favor us with articles, of which we hope there will be many, will not, we trust, be offended at the return of those considered unsuitable, but will thereby only feel inspired to try again and again, feeling assured that success will ultimately crown continued effort. Remember, the columns of this magazine are open for your accepted compositions.

HAVING A GOOD TIME.

IF a man wants to have a really good time, he cannot do better than to try newspaper editing. There is lots of fun in it for the reason that if it contains too much reading matter, the people won't take it. If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter. If the type is too small, the people won't read it. If we publish telegraphic reports, the people will say they are all lies. We omit them, people will say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect. If we have a few jokes, they say we are rattle-headed. If we omit them, they say we are old fossils. If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not giving selections. If we publish selections, they say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they read in other newspapers. If we give a man a complimentary notice, then they censure us for being partial. If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we do not, they say we never attend to business.

IF you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

LET ALL ISRAEL SING.

ANTHEM.

J. J. DAYNES

Tenor. $\text{♩} = 96$ *ff*

Soprano.
Alto. *ff*

Bass,

Organ $\text{♩} = 96$ *ff*

Hal-le-lu - - jah,

Hal le-lu - - jah,

Halle-lu - jah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Halle-lu - jah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics: "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Let all Israel join and sing, Halle-". The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the lyrics: "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Let all Israel join and sing, Halle-". The third staff is a vocal line in bass clef. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment, with the fourth staff in treble clef and the fifth in bass clef, featuring chords and melodic lines.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Let all Israel join and sing, Halle-

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Let all Israel join and sing, Halle-

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the lyrics: "lujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah; Let all Is - rael". The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the lyrics: "lujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Let all Is - rael". The third staff is a vocal line in bass clef. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment, with the fourth staff in treble clef and the fifth in bass clef, featuring chords and melodic lines.

lujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah; Let all Is - rael

lujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Let all Is - rael

join and sing, While we praise our Heav'n - ly Fath - er

join and sing, While we praise our Heav'n - ly Fath - er

This musical system consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 11/8 time, with lyrics 'join and sing, While we praise our Heav'n - ly Fath - er'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, providing harmonic support. The fourth and fifth staves are additional piano accompaniment parts, also in treble and bass clefs respectively, with complex rhythmic patterns.

Our Re - deem - er, God and King.

Our Re - deem - er, God and King.

This musical system continues the piece with five staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 11/8 time, with lyrics 'Our Re - deem - er, God and King.'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, continuing the melodic line. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The fourth and fifth staves are additional piano accompaniment parts, also in treble and bass clefs respectively, with complex rhythmic patterns.

$\text{♩} = 100$

We thank Thee Ho - ly Fath - er, For

We thank Thee Holy Father, For blessings choice and rare, We

bless - ings choice and rare, We

sing to Thee our praises for Thy protecting care, We

sing to Thee our prais - - es for Thy pro-

thank Thee for the Gospel of Je - sus Christ, Thy Son, And for Thy Holy

tect - ing care, We thank Thee for the

Spirit that makes Thy people one. We thank Thee Holy Father For

Gos - pel of Je - sus Christ Thy Son,
blessings choice and rare, We sing to Thee our praises, For Thy protecting

And for Thy Ho - ly Spir - - - it that
care, We thank Thee for the Gospel of Je - sus Christ Thy Son, And

makes Thy peo - ple one
for Thy Holy Spir - it that makes Thy people one.

Choral style. ♩ = 72

Oh who would not serve our great God, That in - fin - ite

Be - ing a - bove, Who laid down His life for His

friends, Por - tray - ing His mercy and love,

Andante Soto voce. ♩=88

pp
O God protect Thy peo - ple, Bless them we humbly

Tremelo.

Organ pp

pray, And wilt Thou ev - er keep them, Within the nar-row

way, Teach us how we may serve Thee. While here on earth we

cres - cen do.

stay, That we may with the righteous Spend the eternal day.

cres - cen do.

P=72 ff

Then sing forth the praises, Then sing forth the

ff

Then sing forth the praises, Then sing forth the

P=72 ff

praises, Sing forth the prais - es of God, Give

praises, Sing forth the prais - es of God, Give

glory un-to His great name, ho - san - nah, ho - san - nah ho-

This system contains five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a keyboard accompaniment in 18/8 time. The fourth and fifth staves are a piano accompaniment in 12/8 time, featuring chords and a bass line.

san-nah, ho - san - nah, ho - san - nah to God, to

This system contains five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a keyboard accompaniment in 18/8 time. The fourth and fifth staves are a piano accompaniment in 12/8 time, featuring chords and a bass line with triplets in the final measures.

God and the Lamb, For ev - er and

God and the Lamb, For ev - er and

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. Both staves show the first two measures of the phrase 'God and the Lamb, For ev - er and'. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand, both marked with a '3' and a slur.

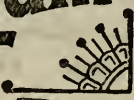
ev-er, For ev - er and ev - er, A - men.

ev-er, For ev - er and ev - er, A - men.

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. Both staves show the phrase 'ev-er, For ev - er and ev - er, A - men.' The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand, both marked with a '3' and a slur. The system concludes with a double bar line.

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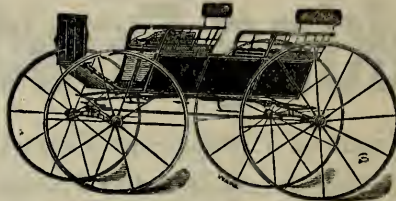
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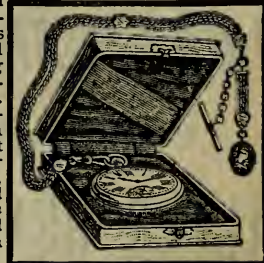
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